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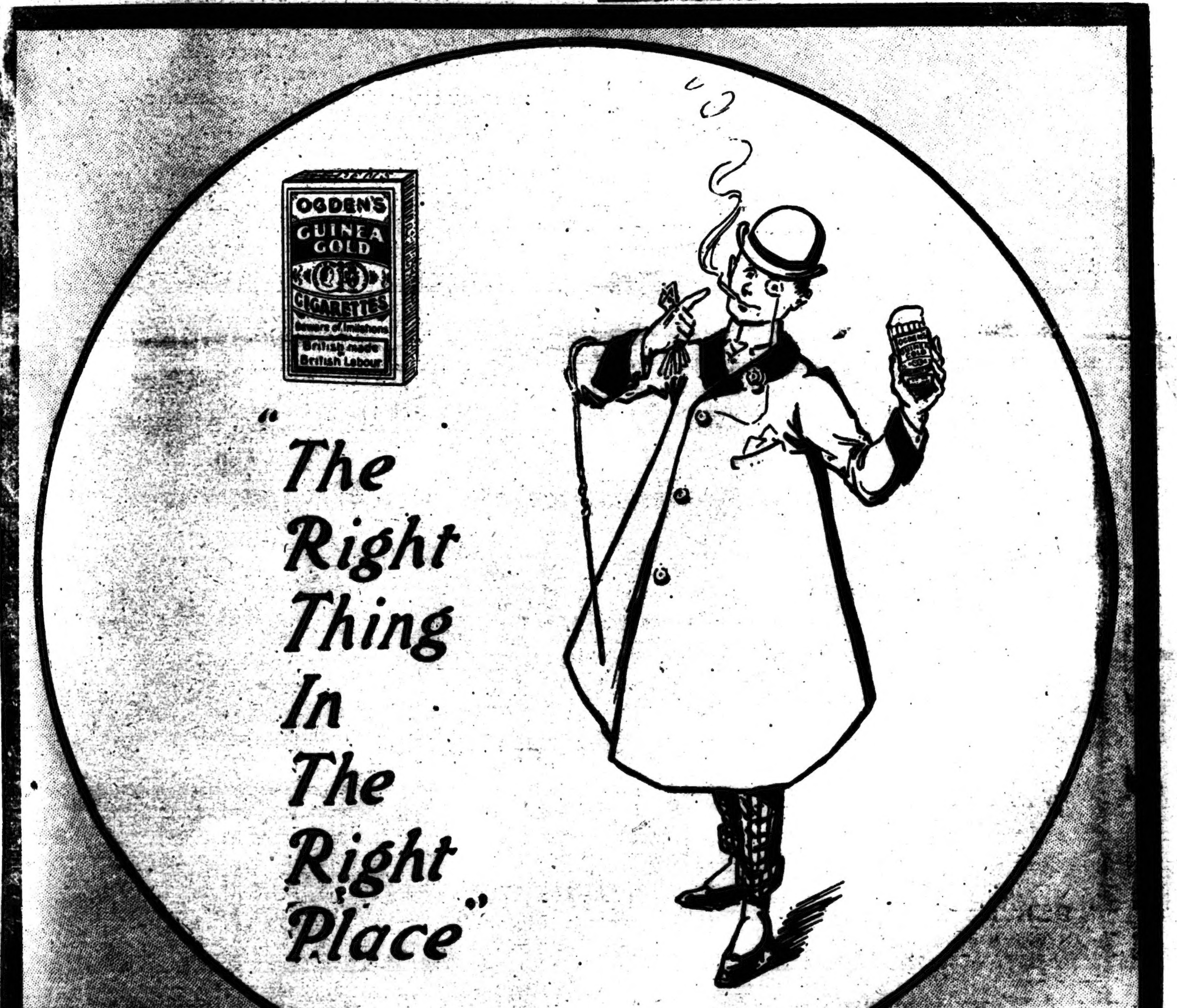
No. 622.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JUNE 19, 1902. ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL [PRICE ONE PENNY.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All Functional Derangements
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Errors in Diet, Biliousness,
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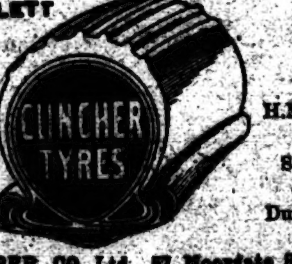

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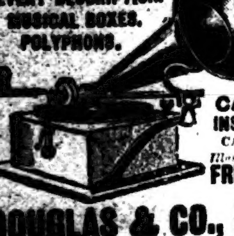

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Many firms are giving small, inexpensive articles away as Coronation Souvenirs, but we are going one better than them all.

BY GIVING AWAY EITHER A PAIR OF LADIES' OR GENTLEMEN'S

10/6 BOOTS

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You can have what size and shape you like.

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To every purchaser of one of our West-end Suits Fashionably Cut and Perfect Fitting to measure at 27/6, 30/-, and 32/6, or higher price, in all the very latest shades of Serges, Tweeds, Cashmeres, &c., we will give, until July 5th, only, as a Special Coronation Gift, a pair of Ladies' or Gents' 10/6 Boots. We boldly assert that we are the Cheapest and Best Tailors in London. We are satisfied with a very small profit, so can give you the best materials and workmanship for a very low price. To advertise these facts we make the above offer.

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Patterns and our Perfect Self-Measurement Chart Post Free on Application, if you do not live near enough to make a personal visit to either one of our establishments.

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TO INTEREST
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The
Magazine
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LADY'S
MAGAZINE—
6d.

No. 622.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JUNE 19, 1902. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY.

The Place for Married Folks.

A COUNTRYMAN and his bride applied at the box office for tickets.

"Box, stalls or family circle?" asked the ticket seller.

"Which'll it be, Marier?" said the groom.

"Well," she replied, with a blush, "seein' as how we're married now, p'raps it would be properer to sit in the family circle."

◆

HENRY: "Stilton tries dreadfully hard to get on familiar terms with you."

Miss Peech: "Yes; pa calls him 'Civilisation,' because he's always making advances."

◆

"THE girl who jilted a poet and married a butcher did an eccentric thing."

"Not at all; she recognised the great fact that beefsteak is more filling than blank verse."

◆

JOHNNIE: "Hello, old chappie, what's youah hand bandaged for?"

Gussie: "Weumatism, old boy. The bwute of a man bwought me a cold saucah with me coffee this mawning."

◆

A Precocious Diplomatist.

BOY: "Oh, mamma, I upset the salt-cellar over my clean clothes."

Mamma: "That was careless; go and brush the salt off, and see you don't soil the clothes."

"But, mamma, when anyone spills salt they have a quarrel, don't they?"

"So they say."

"Well, then, if they don't spill the salt, they don't have a quarrel, isn't that so?"

"Yes, that is so. But why do you ask?"

"Well, because, mamma, it wasn't the salt I spilt, it was the ink."

◆

NEWED: "A penny for your thoughts, darling."

Mrs. Newed: "Oh, they will cost you more than that."

Newed: "What were you thinking about?"

Mrs. Newed: "The dress I ordered yesterday."

◆

"I'M sorry, Mr. Timpany," said the leader of the brass band to the bass drummer, "but we shall have to dispense with your services."

"Why?"

"Why! You ask me why! A man who has got so fat that he can no longer hit the middle of the drum asks me why!"

◆

Vick—the Queen's Old Horse.

IT is not generally known that in the Royal Stables at Sandringham in Norfolk is a very old horse called Vick, which the Queen used to ride daily in her early days at the beloved country home. Vick must now be thirty years old. He has every comfort and attention and lives in a charming stable surrounded by many beautiful animals. On no account would the Queen allow this poor old horse to be shot, as he is still a very great favourite with her.

When at Sandringham Her Majesty never fails to pay Vick a visit to see how he is getting on, and to take him some lumps of sugar.

In the harness room at the Royal Stables is an engraving of the Princess of Wales riding Vick, in his younger days, with her favourite dogs, in the Park.

The Queen also has four little ponies, which are all harnessed to one trap, and driven by Her Majesty in Norfolk. Their names are Huffy, Fluffy, Beau and Belle. They live in a beautiful cosy stable covered with light blue tiles, and their names are neatly engraved on little silver plates above their stalls. Prince Edward of York is very fond of these little ponies, and frequently pays them a visit.

Close to the stables are the graves of Her Majesty's favourite dogs, each with a neat little stone, an inscription, and a small flower garden. One little stone informs us that "Here lies Spot, for many years the constant companion of H.R.H. Princess of Wales."

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The World Would Be the Better.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory;
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song or story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
If more relied
On love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link this world with the eternal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it;
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things—
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings,
To isolate their kindred feelings;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together to restore it—
If Right made Might
In every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

◆

Gave Himself Away.

HE (at the seaside): "You must permit me to compliment the hat you have on, Miss Keepaway; it is most tastefully trimmed."

She: "Oh, thank you, Mr. Vere de Vere; but isn't it rather unusual for gentlemen to give their attention to such matters?"

He: "Well, yes, I suppose it is; but a man who has trimmed as many show windows as—er—um—yes. Excuse me, Miss Keepaway, perhaps you are finding the night chilly?"

◆

Their Grandmothers Wouldn't Know Them.

THE differences brought about by expert breeding in the structure of the ordinary fowl during the past fifty years is strikingly set forth in a report of a recent poultry show. When Darwin propounded his theory of evolution, he published thirteen pictures of the fowls known at that time; but these thirteen have grown into nearly 300 classes, and the originals are hardly recognisable as the ancestors of the fowls entered in those 300 classes.

The English dorking has undergone the least change; it is larger, but not very much altered. The Spanish fowl has had its comb increased four times in size, the white skin on the face has been so developed that it covers up the bird's eye when the rooster gets old, and the lobe of the ear has been increased to eight inches. But it is no good for laying, and this seems to be the result in most cases where the salient points have been especially developed.

◆

OLD FRIEND: "And how are the boys getting along?"

Proud Father: "Splendidly, splendidly. They both live in the same town and both are getting rich."

"Glad to hear it, very glad. The elder one, I remember, learnt the trade of shoe-making. What is the other one?"

"He's a corn doctor."

◆

A TEACHER of music in one of the public schools in the North desired to impress the pupils with the meaning of the signs 'f' and "ff" in a song they were about to sing. After explaining that "f" meant forte (pronounced forty), he said:

"Now, children, if 'f' means forte, what does 'ff' mean?"

Silence reigned for a moment, and then he was astonished to hear a bright little fellow shout:

"Eighty."

Why *P.W.* Has the Best Articles.

A Peep Behind the Scenes.

FROM time to time one hears papers of the nature of *Pearson's Weekly* spoken of by certain individuals in rather contemptuous tones. They are looked upon as what is commonly known as "snippity" papers.

Now there may have been some truth, in the days when this class of literature first made its appearance. in looking upon papers of this kind as being comprised chiefly of cuttings from other periodicals.

When, however, *Pearson's Weekly* started it mapped out for itself an entirely new line, and adopted the plan of accepting from outside contributors original articles. As time went on so the number of article writers increased, and other papers, finding that the time was past when they could exist on pirating other people's brains, found it necessary to also accept and to pay for contributions from professional writers.

It then became a question of who should get the best writers, and *Pearson's Weekly* threw down the gauntlet by offering higher rates of payment than any other periodical of the kind. In the course of a few months two or three of its contemporaries also offered higher rates of payment, and in the narrow circle of the inner journalistic world developments were eagerly watched. Finally, *Pearson's Weekly*, by careful judgment, selected a dozen of the best article writers in this country and paid them very high retaining fees for the first refusal of all their stuff. In addition to this, high rates of payment were offered to any other contributor whose articles were considered worthy of insertion.

Then arose another difficulty. The best writer must finally run dry of ideas for articles. However clever a man may be able to carry out an idea if given to him, he cannot always originate the idea himself. Knowing, however, that among the hundreds of thousands of readers of this paper there must be hundreds with good ideas for articles which they could not themselves carry out, *P.W.* offered (and still offers) payment at the rate of £2 2s. a column to those who supply ideas from which articles are written. The cost to us is enormous, but we get what we want.

In this way *P.W.* is now in the comfortable position of being able to give its readers every week *the finest articles ever written on the subjects dealt with.*

Those scathing critics who seem to think that *P.W.* is made up of scissors and paste will be startled to know that the weekly pay sheet for contributions to *Pearson's Weekly* is considerably bigger than the pay-sheet of most of the sixpenny weeklies! In a sixpenny weekly, of course, you pay your sixpence for the superfine quality of the paper and for the privilege of seeing reproductions of photographs and drawings.

In *Pearson's Weekly* the whole of the money spent goes into the reading matter, and, although the payment for this every week varies between £80 and £100, this is not by any means over-payment when one considers the enormous amount of work and research necessary for the production of even a single article. For example, obtaining facts for a column article in a recent number necessitated searching through eighteen books at the British Museum (which occupied two days) and three visits to various parts of London. And yet the result of that was contained in less than a thousand words.

My reason for chatting with you in this confidential way is to give you an opportunity of removing from the minds of those cynics with whom you come in contact the idea that *P.W.* is a "snippity" paper. By a process of sifting and selecting we are now in a position to give readers the finest articles and the best fiction that it is possible for money to buy, and this we say without any egotism. It is a fact.

THE EDITOR.

Next Monday is "Coronation Monday". Please let your 9d arrive on that day.
Fresh Air Fund.

SHORT STORY

THE LUCKY RING.

"TELL you the history of this quaint ring I always wear? Why should you think it has a history?"

"I can't say why I think so, Monica, but I am sure there is one. Isn't there now?" coaxingly.

"Yes, dear, there is. I will tell you, if you really care to hear it."

The speakers were two girls, the elder of whom was wearing the ring above alluded to. Smiling affectionately at her companion, Monica began:

"Two years ago, my mother and I were spending the winter at Bath. It had been a very gay one, with any number of dances. I had enjoyed myself immensely, and my most frequent partner was a man whom I will call Reginald Craven. I liked him extremely, and he had paid me a great deal of attention. He was a perfect dancer, and, to me, a most fascinating man. So good-looking, too, tall and dark. He was very much run after, for besides being so nice in himself, he was looked upon as a very good catch. But all this attention never made him in the least conceited. He had never actually told me that he loved me, and yet I knew that he did, and I did not need the words spoken. Just to feel that I was the one woman in the world to him, was joy enough for me.

"But the season was drawing to a close, and so was his leave. In a few days he was going back to Aldershot.

"He was in the Militia, and his battalion had gone there to replace one of the regular regiments which had been sent to South Africa.

"How well I recollect every little detail of that last week. We met every day at one place or another, and he was full of delightful plans for the future.

"But all good things must come to an end, and this happy time was no exception to the rule.

"It was the last ball of the season. I can see it all before me now, dreamily," and Monica paused, apparently lost in thoughts of the past.

There was silence for a few moments, and then she continued, speaking more to herself than to her companion. "What a lovely ball it was, and how happy we were, in spite of the under-current of sadness caused by the thought of to-morrow's parting."

"What did you wear?" interrupted the younger girl, woman-like, feeling that this was an important point, "do you remember?"

"Remember! Is there anything about that night which I forget?" passionately. "Rex loved me in that dress. He said, 'I shall always think of you as you are to-night, Monica, you look like a queen, my darling, and your eyes are like great stars.'"

"Oh, what a perfect lover," exclaimed Lucy, enthusiastically. "I wonder if anyone will ever speak to me like that? But, go on, I am dying to hear the end of the story. Did he propose to you?"

"No, dear; but we understood each other, at least, I—thought we did," sadly. "Towards the end of the evening, when everyone else was at supper, we went and sat out in the conservatory. We didn't talk much at first, I think we were both feeling depressed, and then he said that he must cheer up and try to look forward to all the good times we were going to have together later on. He was most anxious that I should go down for the Aldershot week. I told him I didn't see how I could possibly manage it.

"'I couldn't go down alone, Rex,' I said, 'and mother would certainly not be strong enough to take me.' He was so eager and hopeful. 'That will be all right,' he declared. 'I'll ask my sister, Lady Howard, to call on you in town and arrange things. She is coming down with a party and will be delighted to chaperone you.'

"It all sounded so delightful. A whole week together. We should enjoy every minute. 'No, no, Rex,' I said, 'there is no such luck for me. Mother is sure to be ill, and I shan't be able to leave her.'

"Poor mother, you know she is so often ill, Lucy, and she hates to have anyone but me to nurse her."

"Yes, I know, dear old Monica, you have missed so many pleasures, haven't you, through being sick nurse so often?"

"That's true, but I wouldn't for worlds let her realise it.

"Well, I explained all to Rex, but he wouldn't take no for an answer, but took off this," lovingly fingering the curious ring which she wore, "and said, 'Monica, I want you to wear this until we meet again. I won't give it you altogether, because my brother gave it to me when he went out to South Africa. It is Burmese, and is supposed to bring wonderful good luck to the wearer. Fred got it during the war in Burmah. It was given to him by a wounded man whose life he had saved.'

"At first I did not like to take it, knowing how much Rex valued it, but he was so anxious I should, so certain it would bring me luck that in the end I gave way." Monica's eyes filled with tears. "It hasn't brought good luck, for I have never seen him or heard of him from that day to this——"

"Never seen or heard of him since he said good-bye to you!" exclaimed Lucy, in astonishment. "Why, Monica, what do you mean? Is he dead, darling?" in an awestruck voice, slipping her hand sympathetically into her friend's.

"I don't know, Lucy, that is just the terrible part of it all. I have no idea where he is, or what can have become of him. I made what inquiries I could, but, you see, we were not engaged, so I could do so little. If I had had a brother he might have been able to find out something. I simply can't believe that he was just flirting with me. He wasn't that kind of man at all, and yet—— Oh, Lucy, what can have become of him? It is the uncertainty which is so hard to bear. If I could only know!"

"My poor darling, what can I say to comfort you? Perhaps it will all come right some day."

"I used to hope so at first, but now, after two whole years, it seems impossible——"

Monica Leyland was staying with her old friend and schoolfellow, Lucy Grey.

Her life wasn't a very happy one, spent, as it was, in wandering about from one watering-place to another, with an invalid mother.

It was seldom that she was able to leave her for any length of time, even this visit was a long promised one, the promise having been made the previous summer.

Having got her at last, Lucy was determined that her friend should have a good time. And to this end, she had arranged to take her to a dance given by some neighbours.

When Monica came downstairs for the festivity, Lucy thought she had never seen her look more lovely. She wore a white dress of some soft, cloudy material, which became her delicate beauty. But she looked very fragile, and there was a droop about the sweet mouth and a wistful look in the large, dark eyes, which went to motherly Mrs. Grey's heart.

She kissed the girl as she fastened her wraps about her, inwardly thankful for her own Lucy's beamingly happy face.

They were rather late in arriving, and dancing was in full swing when they entered the room. Their hostess bustled about to find partners. Having found one for Lucy, she presently came up with a tall, good-looking man, who wore on his face a look of polite boredom.

Monica was watching Lucy's efforts to keep up with her partner's gigantic strides, and did not see Mrs. Liddell and her companion. But she turned, as the former said:

"Monica, dear, let me introduce to you an old friend of mine just home from South Africa—Mr Courtney."

"Monica—what!—Monica!" For a moment they stood speechless, then, with a violent effort, pulling himself together, he said:

"Monica—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Vermont, may I have the pleasure of this dance?"

"Mrs.—Vermont!" stammered Monica. "You are making some mistake; I am Monica Leyland."

"Monica Leyland—then you aren't married, after all?"

"Married! No! What in the world made you think that?"

"Not married," he repeated, as if unable to take in her meaning.

"Good Heavens! There has been some terrible mistake here—I can't understand—I must speak to you. Let's get out of this crowd; is there no place where we can be alone?"

"Yes," she said, mechanically taking his arm, "there is a conservatory which opens out of the hall."

"Tell me," he began abruptly, "why did you never answer my letter? I thought at first you hadn't got it, and then on the voyage home, I was talking one day to a lady about Bath, and I asked her if she had met you. 'No,' she said, 'I never did, but I have often heard of her from some cousins of mine. Curiously enough, only a few weeks ago I had a letter, mentioning this very girl, and saying that she was reported to have married a Mr. Vermont, who used to live at Bath.'"

"What a terrible muddle it all seems," said Monica, "it takes away my breath. First of all I never had a single line from you, from the hour we parted, and next I hardly know Mr. Vermont——

"Oh, Rex, Rex, tell me all about everything. Begin at the very beginning."

"Well, the evening of the day I reached Aldershot, whilst we were at Mess, I received orders to proceed immediately, with drafts for the 2nd Battalion, to Southampton, for embarkation to South Africa.

"The officer who was to have taken them had been seized with sudden illness, and there was no one else available.

"You can easily imagine how rushed I was.

"The men were to parade for departure at ten o'clock the next morning, and I had nothing ready.

"By dint of superhuman exertion I got off in time, but without a moment even to telegraph to my people. I had to leave that for another fellow to do. In the train I scribbled a line to you, telling you what had happened, and begging you not to forget me.

"More I dared not say, for I am entirely dependent on my father, and I felt that, before asking you to be my wife, I must consult him as to what he was prepared to do for us.

"This letter I left with a porter at Southampton, to stamp and post. I suppose he spent the money I gave him and never posted it."

"I never got it," interrupted Monica, "surely, you might have known, when no answer came."

Silence for a moment.

"Monica—if you had received my letter what would your answer have been? Tell me, darling."

"Oh, Rex, you know—you know that I loved you."

"Ah, Heaven!" exclaimed the man, bitterly. "What misery we should have been spared, if that letter had reached you——

"But to cut a long story short. Directly we landed I was sent up country, far away from the lines of communication, and there remained, until I got enteric.

"I was invalided home, and, on the voyage, I met the lady who told me you were married. At first I was dreadfully hurt and angry, but when I had got over this feeling a little, I realised that there had been no promise between us. That I had never asked you to be my wife, and that I had, therefore, no right to assume that you loved me.

"It was quite a chance my coming here to-night, but what a most blessed one," and, as he spoke, Rex drew the girl closer to him, "Monica, Monica, my little one, mine at last," he murmured, passionately.

"Yes, Rex, yours for ever and ever. The ring has brought us luck, after all," and Monica looked up at him with eyes from which the wistfulness had vanished, and smiled as he raised the sweet face and pressed a passionate kiss upon her lips.

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Dogs Dressed to Match Their Mistresses.

DOGS which own Paris or New York or London Society ladies as their mistresses have an ideal time. They are the aristocracy of their kind. It is well known that such dogs are far better cared for than are the servants in the same household. Very many of them sit down to a dinner of seven and eight courses in their own superbly upholstered apartments, which are in the charge of an attendant who has solely to administer to the pet's requirements.

The attendant prepares and serves its meals, takes it for a "constitutional" in the park, and superintends its wardrobe, which often contains as many varieties of garment as that of its owner. Like the dog's Society master or mistress, his wardrobe is just as extensive—with suits or frocks, hats, and gloves and boots.

The latest fad which originated in Paris, which has captivated New York, and which is said to be coming to London, is for ladies to dress their dogs in costumes to match their own.

The dog is a miniature replica of its mistress.

It is adorned in the same fashion, with the same coloured ribbons, the same frills, tuckers, and furbelows. If fashion decrees that "la belle Parisienne" or the "haughty, proud, American girl" should wear certain sleeves or flounces, doggie wears them, too.

Similarly, when accompanying its master, doggie is dressed in a walking suit of fashionable cut with spotted or white waistcoat as worn by fashion keepers. The ladies' dog, however, is more often seen fashionably dressed, for men are not so subservient to fashion's dictation

Every fine day in the fashionable thoroughfares of Paris and New York, Society ladies' favourites—the ugly pug, the little toy spaniel, the curly-coated, curiously-cut poodle—can be seen in the garb of fashion strutting with dignified step by the side of its mistress, with upraised muzzle, altogether disdaining to glance at the common street cur.

◆

THE average man has a poor foundation when he stands on his dignity.

◆

"I HAVE heard that she walks in her sleep," said the gossip.

"Indeed," returned Mrs. Parvenue scornfully. "So common, isn't it? I should think she would ride."

◆

IN 1920.—Grandma: "You'll hardly think it possible, but I can remember the time when people couldn't see through a stone wall at all!"

Little Granddaughter: "Couldn't they, really? What strange stories you do tell, Grandma!"

◆

"HELLO, Jack, writing home for money?"

"No."

"What are you taking so much trouble over, then? You've been fussing and fuming over it for the last two hours."

"I'm trying to write home without asking for money."

"Queen Alexandra's God-daughters," with photographs of some of them—see the June LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For One Day only

Music-Hall Stars as Editors, and Queens as Circus Riders.

A SHORT time back Mr. Dan Leno occupied, "for one day only," the editorial chair of a popular evening newspaper. With him, as assistant editor, was Mr. Herbert Campbell. Their salaries are said to have been £150 and £100 respectively, which, allowing six working days per week, is at the rate of £46,800 and £31,200 per annum. This, as the editor of a rival sheet half-jokingly, half-querulously remarked, is considerably higher than the ordinary market price for such services.

On the other hand, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, who, while on a visit to the United States recently, undertook to edit the NEW YORK JOURNAL for twenty-four hours, is said to have neither charged, nor received anything whatever for his services. Nor did Mr. Charles Sheldon, the author of "In His Steps," reap any pecuniary benefit for himself from his brief editorship of the TOPEKA DAILY CAPITAL. Mr. Sheldon, it will be remembered, wanted to show the world that a paper could be run on clean, healthy lines, and yet be made bright and interesting. He succeeded, too, for the sales jumped up so enormously that the increased revenue netted from this source alone, amounted to over £12,000.

ROYAL CIRCUS RIDER.

Queen Marie, the widow of Francis, ex-King of Naples, is quite proud of the fact that she once appeared in public as a circus-rider. Her debût in the capacity was made, it need hardly be said, in the cause of charity. Her Majesty had always been proud of her skill as a bare-backed rider; and when, in aid of the sufferers from the terrible Tyrolean inundation of September, 1882, the use of the Paris Hippodrome was offered by the directorate to a committee of titled ladies "for a single performance only," she needed very little persuasion to induce her to jump through hoops and over parti-coloured ribbons for the delectation of the ultra-fashionable audience therein assembled. And all this she did, too, attired in the orthodox spangled dress and pink tights of the professional equestrienne.

An English Royal Princess handling offal in the foreign cattle market at Deptford, is not exactly the sort of thing one would expect. Yet the sight might have been seen one afternoon in June, 1897, when the Duchess of Albany, in her capacity of President of the Deptford Working Girls' Fund, decided to investigate for herself the conditions of labour of the women offal-sorters. This she did in the only really effective way, namely, by working among them for a time, attired in their own coarse garb, and, of course, incognito.

KITCHENER BECOMES AN ARAB.

Lord Kitchener once spent a night in the guard-room, or "clink" as Tommy prefers to call it. It was during General Wolseley's advance up the Nile in 1884, and the present Commander-in-Chief in South Africa was at the time a subordinate officer in the Egyptian Intelligence Department. Needless to say he was thoroughly conversant with Arabic.

One evening, after "lights out" had been sounded, two suspicious-looking natives were caught prowling round the camp, and were promptly confined. Half an hour later, the patrol stumbled upon a third Arab stranger, as they thought, and he also was arrested and sent to keep his compatriots company.

No sooner was the new arrival thrust in the cell than an animated conversation commenced, and was continued well into the small hours. When *reveillé* sounded, Kitchener (for the third "Arab" was none other than he), knocked at the door of his prison, and on the appearance of the sergeant of the guard made himself known to that functionary. "I am now," he added, "going to the General's quarters: see that you keep a sharp eye on those two fellows in there; they are Dervish spies."

SOCIETY LADY BLACKS BOOTS.

An hour later, he returned with a blue official paper, which he handed to his late gaoler; whereupon, his two fellow-prisoners were escorted a short way out into the desert, forced to dig their own graves, and then shot.

The curious sight of a clergyman transformed into a miner was witnessed in the Chase district of Staffordshire, not very long since. The Vicar of Cannock, the Rev. H. Stuart, attired in collier's dress, with a red 'kerchief round his neck, union badge in cap, and wearing heavy hob-nailed boots and black trousers, worked hard with pick and shovel throughout a whole shift in a deep seam of a local pit. When his day's toil was ended, he was escorted home in triumph by a number of his fellow-workmen. Of course, the reverend gentleman was interviewed. But the reporters got little satisfaction, his only reply to all queries being that he was "doing it to gain experience."

America has recently produced a one-day lady boot-black. Her name is Mrs. Edna Maxwell, and she is the wife of one of the leading merchants of New York. She is also said to be highly accomplished, and yet retiring almost to the verge of shyness. Nevertheless, she recently, working, of course, in the sacred cause of charity, blacked boots in the rotunda of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York's biggest and most "swagger" hotel, from noon until some time after midnight.

Her minimum charge for a "shine" was five dollars (£1), but there was "no maximum, patrons being considerately permitted, under the exceptional circumstances of the case, to pay as much more as they please." That some of them did "please" to pay more, and a good deal more, is evidenced by the total of her receipts for the day's work—just over £800.

TO INVESTIGATE A COMPLAINT—

In 1865 Rockefeller's fortune amounted to £1,000. To-day he is worth £50,000,000, with a yearly income of £2,500,000. He has webbed the earth with 200,000 miles of oil tubing; he owns 200 steamers, 70,000 delivery waggons, 3,500 tank-cars, and employs 25,000 men. He controls the income of thousands of people, and he rules the greatest railways in America as if they were toys, and he the child who plays with them.

The secret, at all events, in part, of this unparalleled success, may perhaps be gleaned from an incident reported from Cleveland the other day. Here, as all the world knows, are situated the Standard Oil Company's works, probably the greatest single trading concern the world has ever seen, or, for the matter of that, is ever likely to see. Early in the present year Mr. Rockefeller's head manager reported to him that signs of dissatisfaction had made themselves apparent in the rolling-mills, which are attached to the oil-refineries proper, and wherein are made the steel rails and other things required for transit facilities.

—THE OIL KING BECOMES A LABOURER.

The great financier was in San Francisco at the time, but he hurried back and interviewed the men's representatives. He was informed that too much work was expected of them in certain directions—work which it was impossible to get through without undue straining and fatigue. Rockefeller said nothing at the time, but the next morning his workmen were astounded to find him amongst them, clad in the regulation overalls and blue jumper, and with his dinner-pail in his hand.

And all through that one day the man of millions, the financial magnate at whose frown Wall Street trembled and bourses wilted, toiled side by side with the lowliest of his labourers. He did this, as he afterwards explained, "to see first whether the shoe really did pinch at all, and secondly, if so, where and how."

When the time came for leaving off work, Mr. Rockefeller departed, silent and inscrutable as ever. But he must have convinced himself that the men's grumbling was not altogether unfounded; since, within a very few days thereafter, modifications were introduced which practically did away with the most obvious of the abuses complained of.

* * *

Only Wanted a Shilling's Worth.

A LITTLE boy of six had been all eagerness in anticipation of a summer at the seaside. He could hardly wait for the first bath. When, however, he saw the ocean, with the great waves rolling on the beach, he could not be induced to go near it, and positively refused to put on the bathing-suit of which he had been so proud.

One day his father offered him a two-shilling piece if he would get wet all over once. He wanted the money very much, so finally he consented.

Clasping his arms round his father's neck like a vice, the great undertaking was begun. After much shivering and trembling, he was wet about two inches above his ankles, when he exclaimed:

"Papa, I—think—I—will—only—take—one—shilling's—worth—this—time!"

* * *

VISITOR: "Mary, what time do your master and mistress dine?"

Mary: "As soon as you go away—them's missus' orders."

HUNT IDEAS AND CATCH SOVEREIGNS.

IF you are walking in the street in town or country and observe something curious, however insignificant it may seem to you, make a mental note of it. If it is something you cannot understand, so much the better. When you get home jot down your idea on a piece of paper, together with your name and address, and send it to the Editor in an envelope marked "IDEA."

Should you discover in your morning paper a paragraph dealing with a subject on which you would like to see an article written, send it to us in an envelope marked "Idea."

If the idea which you send is considered of sufficient interest to justify our making inquiries and publishing an article on the subject, you will be paid for the article at the rate of

TWO GUINEAS A COLUMN.

You are not required to write the article, only to supply the idea.

If the same idea be sent in by several readers, the money will be paid to the person whose suggestion first reaches us. If a reader forwards a subject for an article we have already by us naturally he cannot expect payment.

WHY YOU SHOULD MAKE YOUR WILL.

BY ONE WHO MAKES THEM.

"I WANT to have you draw me up a little bit of paper." In some such words as these, solicitors frequently receive instructions to prepare a will.

Everyone who possesses any property should make a will. By so doing he will not hasten death. It is surprising to find many apparently reasonable and intelligent persons putting off making wills because of a superstitious dread that having made their will they will forthwith pass away. I suppose this arises from the fact that we are in the habit of connecting wills with death.

As soon as a man dies we want to know the contents of his will, and how much he was worth, and, naturally, we never hear of a man's will until after death. I can only say from experience that making a will does not kill any more than letting the sun shine on a fire makes the fire go out. Many people leave their will making until they are on their death-bed, and perhaps die shortly after, but it is not the will which kills them.

No one under twenty-one years of age can make a valid will. Married women can now dispose of their property by will as they please.

By making a will you can leave your property to any individual you like or, if you wish, to the Government to assist in liquidating the National Debt. You can also appoint executors to carry out your wishes. If you die intestate, an administrator is appointed by the Court, who distributes your property amongst your next-of-kin. The administrator is usually the widow, child, brother, or other relative.

In some cases no complications arise through intestacy. For example, a bachelor or spinster dies leaving a father surviving, the father is entitled to all the property of the deceased. In many cases, however, it is difficult and costly to find out who is entitled to share in the property, and perhaps a large number of persons are interested, and thus the share of each may be so small that no one derives any substantial benefit.

The death duties are the same whether a person leaves a will or not, and in the case of small estates the duties are very light. If the property is under £100 in value no duty is payable, and if over £100 and under £300 or £500, a fixed sum of 30s. or 50s. is payable, and if over £500 and under £1,000, estate duty at the rate of £2 per cent. is payable. In these cases no legacy or succession duty is payable, but the richer you get, the higher rate of duty you have to pay, the highest rate being £8 per cent., which is payable in respect of property over £1,000,000 in value.

Where the property is over £1,000 in value, legacy or succession duty has to be paid also (except in the case of children and grandchildren), varying from three to ten per cent., according to the relationship of the legatee to the testator. By a recent Act of Parliament, the death duties may be remitted where a person dies through wounds inflicted whilst on active war service on sea or land. It would hardly be fair to a man's relations that the Government should take any part of his property when the deceased died fighting for his country's cause.

Whilst everyone should make a will, no one, save a lawyer, should draw up his own will, and even lawyers have been known to stumble when dealing with their own affairs by will. A home-made will is generally a very good thing for the lawyers, and it is they who sometimes derive most benefit from it. There are so many pitfalls to guard against, that none but a trained hand should attempt the task.

A will must be signed in the presence of two witnesses, and they and the testator must remain together until all have signed. If a legacy of £1,000 happens to be left to one of the witnesses that legacy would be void, and the legatee would get nothing, for if a person witnesses a will neither the witness, nor the husband or wife of the witness can take any benefit under the will. Beware, therefore, that you do not witness your rich relative's will!

A soldier on actual military service, and a mariner, being at sea, are the only persons who can make a valid will by word of mouth.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that marriage revokes a will. Bridegrooms often arrange for their solicitor to attend after the ceremony with the will which has been prepared beforehand, and they complete the will before starting on the honeymoon.

Wills, if undisputed, can be proved or administration can be granted in the Probate Registry for the district in which the deceased had a fixed abode. Any will may be proved in the Principal Registry at Somerset House.

The original will is always kept in the District or Principal Registry. An official copy with the grant attached (called the Probate) is given to the executors.

If the validity of the will is disputed, there has to be an action, and the Court decides whether the will is valid or not. A will may be contested on a number of grounds, such as lunacy or imbecility of the testator, or that undue influence was brought to bear upon him.

In order to prove the will the executors have to make an affidavit with accounts attached, disclosing full particulars and value of the property of the testator, and another affidavit verifying the will and undertaking to deal with the property according to law.

Send it on Saturday, or send it on Sunday—but be sure it arrives on Coronation Monday!
Fresh Air Fund.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

LEARNING FROM OTHER WORLDS.

What Benefit would Intercommunication with Other Planets Probably Bring us? (6672.

If we could communicate with planets peopled by beings higher than ourselves in the intellectual scale many benefits would probably accrue. In science they could help us by telling us the constitution of matter, what causes gravitation, the nature of electricity and so on. This knowledge would revolutionise our industries and increase our material prosperity. Their forms of government, laws, manners of life, and systems of education would be invaluable standards for us to imitate, and their criticisms of the everyday doings on this planet would probably open our eyes to many conventional absurdities which our early training prevents us from noticing. Their history would naturally be most delightful reading, and would exceed the wildest flights of imagination. On the other hand, the inter-communication might not be unattended with dangers for our race. The knowledge acquired might put dangerous power in the hands of a few individuals who might use it for their own aggrandisement at the cost of the rest of the community. Of course, we naturally hope that the inhabitants of the world with which we first enter into communication will be wise and beneficent, but it is possible that they may be the reverse. The information they give us may not only be false, but might be calculated to do us incalculable harm.

THE MOST MOMENTOUS "PARS."

Which was the most Momentous Event Announced to the Public through a Newspaper? (6675.)

If the ENGLISH MERCURIE of July 23rd, 1588, preserved in the British Museum, is genuine, its announcement that the Spanish Armada had been seen in the Channel would best answer the question. On February 1st, 1649, the MODERATE INTELLIGENCER was the means of conveying to the country the news of the execution of Charles I., which it did in apologetic fashion, observing that so much space had been given up to the account of the event that it would not be further referred to in future issues.

In more recent times news of the fate of one continent having been decided was first given to the world in full form by the EXAMINER, of June 25th, 1815, when it published an account, including Wellington's dispatch, of the battle of Waterloo; whilst word of a battle that went far to decide the future of another continent was first made public when the NEW YORK HERALD, on September 29th, 1863, told of the battle of Chattanooga. The first telegraphic account of a battle was that sent from Gravelotte to the NEW YORK TRIBUNE by Mr. Hands.

FASHIONABLE VULGARISMS.

How is the Present Mis-pronunciation of such Words as "Belvoir" (Beever) and "St. John" (Sinjun) to be Accounted for? (6676.)

The origin of these vulgarisms—because they are really only survivals of an older vulgar speech—is to be looked for in the period of the fusion of the Norman-French with Anglo-Saxon, and early English. As regards the first, "l" and "u" were interchangeable in Norman-French, and the lower classes, as well as the uneducated middle and upper classes, used the pronunciation which came easiest off the tongue. Thus nearly all words beginning with "bel" were corrupted into "bee." In the second case, "Sinjun" is a vulgar contraction of "Saint Jean," of which the correct pronunciation was effectually disguised by the attempts of the uneducated.

Similar instances are to be found in the modern University vulgarisms which change "Magdalen" into "Maudlin"—a word which now means muddled or stupid—and "Caius," which is now pronounced as "Keys." The fact of the matter is that those who use the now fashionable pronunciation of these and kindred words are really perpetuating the mis-pronunciations of an age of imperfect learning, unsettled spelling, and general slovenliness of speech. The only reason for their existence in the present day is that of an ill-informed custom.

WEATHER TO ORDER.

Would Human Control of the Weather be of General Advantage to the Race? (6660.)

This is a difficult point to decide. It may be safely averred that, at this stage of civilisation, there are few communities which, if they possessed powers in such a matter, would not realise their responsibilities, and prefer solid advantage to mere pleasant climatic conditions. The weather might thus be determined by a committee of experts, whose main considerations would be the food supply and the health of the people.

Man has achieved such marvellous results of improvement in related matters already under his control—as irrigation, draining, afforestation—with the view to improve weather conditions, or supply defaults, that it is not impossible that an extension of powers might be used wisely and beneficially.

But it must be remembered that many of the effects of our weather conditions are as yet obscurely understood, and that there are few spheres of influence in which a mistake might be more disastrous. And while it is quite certain that extremes of heat and cold are necessary to the balance of life on this planet, few would be willing to endure them if they could be moderated by any human agency.

THE OLDEST FLAG.

What Country's National Flag has been Longest in Use? (6661.)

Either the dragon banner of China, or the chrysanthemum flag of Japan. The former has been used from a very early period, and the latter is as old as the present dynasty in Japan, which is the most ancient in the world.

Amongst European national flags that of Denmark—a white St. George's cross on a red ground—is the most ancient, having been in use since 1219. No other flag has existed without change for anything like the same period as a national emblem, although there are Royal standards that are older. The Spanish colours date only from 1785, and our own flag, in its present form, was first flown after the union with Ireland in 1801. The Stars and Stripes of the United States is older than ours, for it was first planned and ordered by Washington of Betsy Ross, an upholsterer of Philadelphia, and formally adopted on June 14th, 1777.

MISTAKES THAT MADE THE STATES.

Which People have Profited most through the Mistakes of Other Nations? (6662.)

The Americans. Their existence as a nation is due to a long series of mistakes on the part of British rulers and statesmen, from the time of James I. onwards, in driving from this country the best of its blood and brains by prosecutions that could serve no purpose, and that left the emigrants with feelings of distrust and bitterness never totally eliminated in their descendants. The United States, too, won their independence largely through the obstinacy of George III. and his advisers in insisting upon keeping the American colonies under an unjust subjection.

In more recent years the United States again profited by the mistakes of the French in Mexico, and by the gross misrule of the Spanish colonies in the East and West Indies. The sailing of the *Alabama* from a British port was a mishap by which the Americans profited very considerably in consequence of a British ministerial holiday, and more very bad official mismanagement.

HOW WHALES CAN DIVE.

Can the Whale Dive Tail Foremost? (6664.)

It is usual for these animals to descend head foremost, displaying the broad fork of their enormous tail above the surface of the water, but, where necessity compels them, they can reverse the process. Captain Parry, the Arctic explorer, mentions an instance of a black whale so closed in by the ice as not to admit of the customary mode of descent; in which circumstances, "the fish," he says, "went down tail foremost, to the great amusement of our Greenland sailors."

"GOD-CHILDREN."

Where are Parents Named after their Children? (6663.)

Among the Arabs of Syria a man changes his name after the birth of his eldest son, assuming the name which has been bestowed upon the heir, with the prefix Abu, meaning "father of"; thus, if the son is called Fudle Allah, "God's bounty" the father will be henceforth known as Abu-fudle-allah, "Father of God's bounty." In like manner the mother would become known as Em-fudle-allah, "Mother of God's bounty." This custom is not merely one of common speech, but extends to all occasions and even to legal documents. Still more strangely, even when a man though married has no son, the courtesy of Oriental society demands that he should be addressed as Abu-salim or Abu-mahmoud, after an imaginary son whom politeness confers upon him.

YESTERDAY—LONG AGO.

Which English Custom Changed Most during the Nineteenth Century? (6665.)

The greatest changes brought about in the nineteenth century customs are owing to the enormous progress made possible by the introduction of steam and electricity. In the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign, seventy-five per cent. of her people lived in the country, twenty-five per cent. in towns; at the close of her reign, the proportion was almost exactly reversed. Wealth rapidly increased. People travelled abroad who never travelled before. It became the custom, rather than the exception, to take at least an annual holiday to the seaside, or to the mountain top.

So rapidly has this grown that whole towns, as in Lancashire and Yorkshire, stop work for a week or more and migrate. Employés are taken to distant places by their employers, sometimes on a gigantic scale: even the very poorest occasionally see the country. The habit of week-end visits—the natural outcome of this—has spread even to Parliament, and Bank Holidays are sanctioned by law. With all this the general level of refinement has steadily risen, whilst outdoor sports have claimed hundreds of players and thousands of spectators, and club exchequers are rich as they never were before.

REAL "LADIES."

Are the Wives of Knights Legally Entitled to be Called "Lady"? (6666.)

No; though they receive this title from everybody, the wives of knights are "ladies" only by courtesy. The wives and widows of knights, in legal proceedings, and in courts of justice, have not the title of "lady," as the wives and widows of noblemen have. The distinction between ladies by right and ladies by courtesy is exemplified by the following story: The wife of a certain City knight was upon one occasion presented to the old Princess Amelia, who was very deaf. The latter, who was not aware that Lady Blank was but a knight's lady, was about to do as she would have done had the lady been the lady of a peer, namely, salute her cheek, when the Gentleman Usher exclaimed in a loud tone, to the utter discomfiture of the subject of his remark, "Don't kiss her, your Royal Highness, don't kiss her—she is not a real lady!"

BLESSING OR CURSE?

Would an Absolutely Infallible Memory be a Benefit or Otherwise to its Possessor? (6668.)

If by "absolutely infallible memory" is meant the power of permanently remembering everything with undiminished vividness, there can be little doubt that its possession would be extremely undesirable. In intellectual matters one of the conditions of success is the knowledge of where to find things, which is much better than being a walking encyclopædia. Concentration is also necessary for good work, and vivid recollection of all sorts of irrelevant matters would be a severe handicap. Such a memory would also greatly reduce one's happiness, for personal sorrows and trials would no longer be healed by time, and the vivid remembrance of all past errors and trangressions would often prove a most intolerable burden. The greatest blessing of a kindred sort would be the power of regulating our faculty of recollection at will. Under such circumstances we should be able to temporarily remember things of importance for the time being, while it would be possible to dismiss from our minds useless or unpleasant matters.

QUESTIONS.

6111. Is it natural to dogs to bark?
6112. Which is the most wasteful of all commercial operations?
6113. Why is Hampstead an awkward place for a suicide to occur?
6114. Were soldiers better paid in the Middle Ages than at present?
6115. Are slaves wealth?
6116. Which is the least time in which a European army has been raised, organised and placed in the field?
6117. Why are half-castes as a rule inferior to their ancestors?
6118. At what period of English History was fashionable dress most costly?
6119. Which civilised country has the most primitive form of Government?
6120. Have athletic associations ever been used for the furtherance of political ends?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of £2 2s. a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

HE: "No, the governor doesn't pay me more than I'm worth."

SHE: "How in the world do you manage to live on it?"

◆

CHEMIST: "You might have charged that young man ten shillings for making up that prescription. Why did you put the price at sixpence?"

Assistant: "He understands Latin."

◆

MRS. C.: "I wonder where in the world the alarm clock has gone? I saw it on the table yesterday."

MR. C.: "It was there yesterday, but I heard it going off this morning."

MRS. C.: "Well, I hope it hasn't gone where you told it to go."

◆

A PARISH CLERK was taxed with having misappropriated some of the offertory money.

"You know, John," said the parson, "that only you and I have access to it."

"Then, sir," replied John, "you pay one half and I'll pay the other, and we'll say no more about it!"

Founded 1871.

The OCEAN Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.

(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorised - [illegible]
Capital Subscribed - - - [illegible]
Income, 1901 - - £1,120,358
Reserves, Dec. 31st, 1901 - - - £1,044,839
Funds, 31st Dec., 1901 (excluding Uncalled Capital) - £1,337,563

The "Advantage" Policy is based on wide and liberal lines. It not only provides against Accidents, but also against Illness and Permanent Incapacity, and the sum Assured automatically increases upon each renewal. It possesses, in addition, the important advantage of being World-wide as to Travel. Send for Prospectus.

Fidelity Guarantees.
The Bonds of this Corporation are accepted by all Departments of H.M. Government.
Workmen's Compensation.
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Features on all subjects of interest to women will be found in the June LADY'S MAGAZINE.

Cities that have Cadged for Kings

And Others that have Given up their Sovereigns.

It seems somewhat strange that Valetta, the capital of Malta, should now desire to secede from her allegiance to England, seeing that she is not, like her thousand-mile-distant neighbour, Gibraltar, a conquered city. On the contrary, after the power of her knights had been shattered by Napoleon, her citizens voluntarily placed themselves under the protection of the British flag; reunion to the Crown of Sicily, which they had previously sought, being no longer thought of.

An almost exactly parallel, but somewhat more modern instance, of a city changing masters of its own accord, is afforded by the case of Nice. In 1860, after the Franco-Italian campaign against Austria had been brought to a triumphant conclusion for the allies, both Savoy and Nice were ceded to France on condition that an affirmative vote was cast by the inhabitants of these provinces. The people, strange to say, welcomed the new order of things, and gladly changed their nationality, so that now many of the castles and tombs of Italy's Royal family are on French soil.

HAMBURG USED TO BE INDEPENDENT.

The Channel Islands were, of course, originally French; but when Normandy, to which duchy they were an appanage, was conquered by Philip Augustus, the inhabitants begged that they might remain under the protection of England. Their request was granted; and, while retaining the laws, customs, and (until lately) the language of their Continental ancestors, they have ever since remained firm in their allegiance to their self-elected rulers.

The history of the city of Hamburg was, up to within the last few years, the history of an empire in miniature. Her burgomasters made treaties, and entered into alliances with emperors and with kings. France, before attacking her in 1799, formally declared war upon her as against a sovereign independent state. That her burghers should of their own free will surrender these dearly-bought privileges seems incredible; yet such is the fact.

On August 21st, 1866, the city fathers, gorgeous for the last time in their ancient robes of state, set their hands and seals to the parchment which transferred the allegiance of the citizens from themselves to the King of Prussia, as head of the North German Confederation; and in January, 1871, the town, again on its own initiative, joined the then brand-new German Empire.

TEXAS WAS ONCE A REPUBLIC.

How few, even among comparatively well-informed people, are aware that Texas, now one of the wealthiest and by far the largest of the United States of America, was once an independent republic. It revolted from Mexico in 1835, and its right to rule itself was formally acknowledged by that country in 1837. In December, 1845, the Texan people voted for incorporation with the big sister republic to the north of them, the immediate result being another war with Mexico, which latter had strongly protested against the proposed amalgamation.

After much the same fashion Florida in 1820 transferred her allegiance from Spain, and Louisiana in 1803 from France; but the latter country being powerful, a money equivalent (60,000,000 francs) was exacted in return for the cession of territory, a little formality which was quite overlooked by the Americans when dealing with Spain.

The Corsicans have, in the course of a long and stormy history, made a present of their island to fully half-a-dozen sovereigns of different nationalities, including our own George III. The latter received the gift joyfully at first, notwithstanding, so it is said, that he had to inquire of his ministers whereabouts in the world it was situated, when the news first arrived that it was his. But after awhile the delights of ownership began to pall.

CORSICA HAS HAD MANY CHANGES.

Although the inhabitants had of their own initiative made over their island to Britain, they must have changed their minds pretty quickly, for within eighteen months they had organised a first-class revolution, and had very nearly succeeded in driving Sir Gilbert Eliott, George's viceroy, into the sea, together with such of the members of his brand new parliament as had survived the first savage onslaught of the malcontents. Finally the fickle people declared for the French, and we accordingly handed it over to the representatives of that then exceedingly turbulent republic with a very hearty "good riddance."

Prior to these doings, however, the "robbers, liars, and atheists," as Seneca had of old bluntly characterised the Corsicans, aspiring to elevate their tiny wave-washed plot of land into an independent kingdom, gave it to a private adventurer, one Theodore Neuhoff. He ruled for seven months in right royal style, publishing edicts, conferring honours, inflicting punishments, and even instituting an order of knighthood. He also established a strong police force to preserve order in his island; and afterwards formed a body-guard of 400 men, under whose escort he traversed the whole of his Lilliputian realm.

But, although for a little while fascinated by his handsome presence and sonorous eloquence, the Corsicians tired of their first and only sovereign, even as they had tired of their viceroys and governors aforetime, and "King" Theodore sailed to Leghorn to seek the assistance of the European Powers against his turbulent and rebellious subjects. He did not get it. Instead, he was cast into a debtor's prison, first at Amsterdam and afterwards in London.

The thrifty Dutchmen, finding he had no money, nor any hope of getting any, quickly set him at liberty; but we kept him in durance vile for seven years, and only gave him his discharge when dying. He would have been buried as a parish pauper if one John Wright, an oilman in Compton Street, Soho, had not declared that "he for once would pay the funeral expenses of a king." He had accordingly a grave prepared for the ex-monarch in St. Anne's Churchyard hard by, and afterwards Horace Walpole erected a tablet to his memory, with a long inscription, which may still be read by those curious in such matters.

The epitaph itself is as follows:

> The grave, Great Teacher! to a level brings
> Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings.
> But Theodore, this moral learn'd ere dead;
> Fate pour'd its lesson on his living head,
> Bestowed a kingdom and denied him bread.

Rome herself, ex-empress of the world, mistress of the seas, has cadged for a king on more than one occasion, even within the memory of people now living. In 1847 her citizens offered herself and themselves to Charles Albert, of Sardinia, only to be "declined with thanks." Disgusted probably by the rebuff, the populace declared for a republican form of government, and the Roman National Assembly elected Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi, triumvirs.

The three, however, as might have been expected, quickly quarrelled, and the Queen of Spain was asked to enact the rôle of a nineteenth-century Tullius. Isabella, then a child in years, and a baby in knowledge and experience, was more than willing, but while she was geting ready to start Cavour boldly claimed the city as the ancient (and modern) capital of Italy, Garibaldi called for volunteers, taking as his watchword, "Rome or Death," and the burghers of the "City of the Cæsars," fickle and wayward as in the days of Caracalla, welcomed with wide-open arms her new wooers.

◆

A Summer Recipe.

Take one slice of nook called "Lovers' Retreat,"
  A piece of starry night,
With a dash of moon sifted in through the leaves,
  And of lovers—just two—will be right.

A small dimpled hand by a manly one pressed,
  While adding a whisper or two,
An ounce of attraction, a cup of romance,
  And a grating of folly will do.

A half-dozen squeezes dissolved in a hush,
  Ere the scuffle is stirred in; allow
One cup of resistance, hesitation a slice,
  And—well, add the other arm now.

On the sweet, blushing face place firmly a kiss,
  You'll notice a slight little scream;
Add quickly a dozen, if flavoured with love,
  The dish is an ideal dream.

This recipe will succeed if you follow it right,
  Be the climate hot, cold, rain, or shine;
It won't do for three, quite useless to one,
  But for two it is simply divine.

◆

Miss Latin: "What has become of Mr. Clay?"

Mr. Rand: "He has taken employment in a powder mill for six months."

"How strange!"

"Not at all. He wished to break himself of smoking."

◆

"When Jack takes me out in his motor-car, we always speak French, so the chauffeur can't understand us."

"But isn't the chauffeur a Frenchman?"

"He says he is, but we have to speak English to make him understand."

◆

By Wireless Telephone:

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Is that Dr. Rybold?"

"No. Do you want Dr. Rybold?"

"Yes."

"All right. Hold the—hold the air a minute. I'll call him."

PRINTING £186 IN 15 SECONDS.

Passengers who Own Private Railway Tickets.

In an average year there are printed by the London and South Western Railway Company about 40,000,000 tickets, weighing approximately fifty tons, and representing a monetary value of about £1,300,000. This may the more readily be believed, when one learns that no fewer than 180,000 different sorts of ordinary tickets are issued by the company to its 306 railway stations, and sixty-seven town and country offices. At the Waterloo booking-offices alone, so many as 6,000 different sorts of ordinary tickets are constantly kept on hand, not to mention a whole host of "special" ones.

It is owing to the latter that no fewer than 170 differently-coloured tickets are in constant use by the company, for not only are complete series issued, in distinctive colours, for race meetings, but also for excursions, exhibitions, "week-ends," tourists, horses, dogs, bicycles, through tickets on to other companies' lines, and "specials" for four different kinds of workmen's trains. As for race meetings, Ascot alone involves the printing of twenty-five different kinds of tickets, ranging in value from 3s. 6d. (single third class), to 42s. (for four first-class journeys, there and back).

In addition to the above, "special" tickets are printed for gentlemen having country seats served by the Company's system. The name of the host is prominently printed on each ticket, and one of these accompanies each invitation to the house party. Generally speaking, tickets of this nature are not printed in smaller quantities than fifty or a hundred at a time.

To facilitate matters for the Audit Department, an order is sometimes given for a single copy only of a "special" ticket to be printed. For example, when the 22nd Middlesex Rifle Volunteers had to go to Brookwood, a little while ago, five separate series of tickets, ranging from a single ticket to a series of 450, were printed for their use. The exact order given to the printing office was for officers' tickets to be numbered, "0" to "20"; privates', "0" to "450"; cycle tickets, "0" to "20"; horse tickets, "0" to "4"; while a special piece of pasteboard of the usual size, and numbered "0," was actually to be printed for the gun!

The most frequently used ticket on the L. & S. W. Railway is the third-class return from Clapham Junction to Waterloo. In 1901 there were printed of these (including workmen's tickets) no fewer than one and a half million—which gigantic issue is claimed by the company as a record. The most costly L. & S. W. ticket printed is the piece of pasteboard which entitles the holder to travel first-class from Waterloo to Padstow and back. Its cost is 74s. 6d., and the average number printed at one time is fifty. This task takes the printing machine fifteen seconds to accomplish, which means that in a quarter of a minute it turns out money's worth to the tune of £186 5s.!

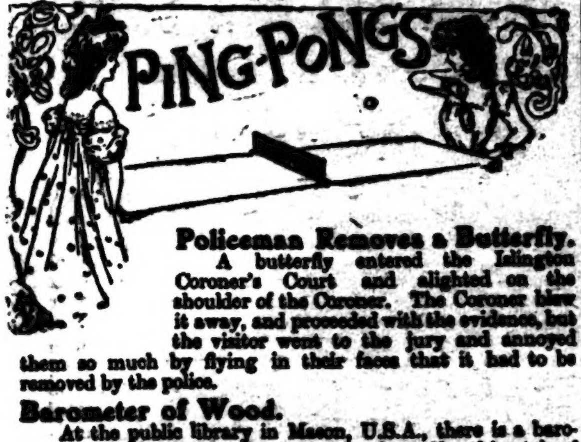
The check numbers to be seen on all L. & S. W. tickets are specially designed "block countersunk numerals," as these have been found much more difficult to forge than the ordinary type, which are called "raised" numbers. The ordinary type numerals could be produced from common lead or brass figures, and a hand stamp, but the effect of the "block" numerals could only be copied by engraving a special die for each number required; these "block" numerals are also extremely difficult to obliterate.

The reason why, in the progressive numbering of tickets, the first is invariably stamped "00" is that a complete series consists of 10,000 tickets; hence, by numbering the first ticket "00," it is possible to express the complete quantity by using four numbering wheels only, viz.; "9999." If the first ticket were numbered "1" the last of the series would require five figures, involving a fifth wheel, which would be used only once in 10,000 operations. Another reason is that ticket "00" (being always the first one issued), leaves ticket "01" the lowest in the tube in which the tickets are kept at the booking-offices, thus showing, at any time, the actual number of tickets sold by the booking-clerk. Thus, when ticket "00" has been issued, a glance will show that the next is "01"—that one ticket has been sold.

Any railway station on the system requiring more tickets of any particular denomination has to fill up a requisition form. Sometimes so many as a hundred of these forms are dealt with by the Printing Office in a single day. The quantity of tickets called for varies from 25 to so many as 200,000 of a single kind.

An important feature of the Railway Ticket Printing Office is the department given over to the destruction of used tickets. Every week about one ton of these is cut up by the ticket-destroying machine, and, to give an idea of this instrument's power of destruction, it may be added that it is only kept running about three hours every day. Each piece of pasteboard has to pass between two series of rapidly revolving, sharp, circular knives, and is cut up into from two to a dozen pieces of varying shapes. These find their way by means of a wooden slide into large sacks which, when full, are sold under contract.

Don't procrastinate; it's a bad habit. Make sure of sending your 9d on June 12th
Frank [illegible]



Policeman Removes a Butterfly.

A butterfly entered the Islington Coroner's Court and alighted on the shoulder of the Coroner. The Coroner blew it away, and proceeded with the evidence, but the visitor went to the jury and annoyed them so much by flying in their faces that it had to be removed by the police.

Barometer of Wood.

At the public library in Macon, U.S.A., there is a barometer made simply of a thin strip of cedar and a thin strip of white pine, placed together and stuck perpendicularly in a base rest of wood. When it is going to rain the strips bend down, and when it is to be dry they stand rigidly stiff and straight. It is said to indicate coming storms unfailingly.

Family Globe-Trotting.

An Austrian named Hauslan is now traversing Switzerland on return from a tour which he undertook for a wager of £800. The terms are that he has to wheel before him from one end of Europe to the other a perambulator containing his wife and child. He has been absent twenty months, wearing out thirty-seven pairs of boots.

Will Paint with Cheese.

It is said French artists are endeavouring to revive a recipe given 100 years ago for painting with cheese. D'Arcet discovered that the Indians used milk to dilute their colours in ornamenting the walls of their cabins, and he evolved a formula with cheese instead of milk. If this yarn is to materialise, it is to be hoped that the artists will not use Limburger or Roquefort. Something less "strong" would be more agreeable in our art galleries.

Coronation Bonfires.

A statement issued as to the arrangements for the Coronation bonfires shows that out of a total of 464 in England alone, Lancashire and Cumberland have each undertaken to provide 15, Westmorland 5, and Yorkshire 38. Strange to say, Warwickshire, which no one regards as a hilly country, heads the English list with 54 fires, Somersetshire coming a good second with 47. Wales will have 15, and Scotland just double that number, while Ireland has so far only promised one.

A Photographic Tailor's Assistant.

A tailor named Franz Dolezal has patented a device for measuring a person for a suit of clothes by photography. A coarse wire network with square meshes is photographed with the subject as a standard, and the person to be measured wears a sort of harness, intended to mark certain important points on the body. The relative positions of subject, camera, and network, are carefully adjusted, and then several photographs are taken from different points of view.

Castor Oil and Soda Water.

A few days ago, a girl went into a chemist's shop in Newcastle and asked for some castor oil, but expressed a wish that it should be mixed with something to take away the taste. The chemist asked her if she liked soda-water, and she said she did. He then gave her a glass of that drink seasoned with lemon and the oil. The girl drank it, but still lingered about the shop, and in a few minutes again asked for the oil. When she was informed that she had drunk it, she exclaimed in astonishment: "Mercy me! Ah wanted it for ma feyther!"

Resourcefulness of Chinese Cooks.

If there is one sphere of European domestic life in which more than another, says a traveller, the Chinaman finds scope for the exercise of his own peculiar ingenuity, without doubt it is in the regions dedicated to the pursuit of the culinary art. Here he will allow no obstacle to daunt him, no unforeseen contingency to catch him unawares. Should you, having ordered two chops for the dinner of yourself and your wife, suddenly, all unthinking, bring in a friend to share your humble meal, you will find the cook out of two chops has miraculously created a third—created it so skilfully out of odds and ends of meat deftly strung together that only the practised eye may discern the difference.

Dancing School for Horses.

Few people know that some horses keep dancing just as men and women do. They actually go to a "school of dancing for horses," and there is a big school of this kind in New York, where there are many bright people on the hoof. In the school competent instructors drill them in the several feats they are to perform, and accustom them to music, teach them to run up inclined planes, and to obey the slightest word of command. After being thoroughly drilled the horses are given several dress rehearsals on the stage until pronounced ready for their début. At the school there are always several veteran acting horses waiting for an engagement. There are also understudies ready for work at an instant's notice.

Curious Translation Errors.

Some amusing errors are made by translators. An Italian paper turned Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" into a "Distracted Mendicant." Another Italian editor, who translated a passage from an English paper about a man who had killed his wife with a poker, added an ingenious footnote to say: "We do not know with certainty whether this thing 'pokero,' be a domestic or surgical instrument." The desperate expedient of the French translator of Cooper's "Spy," who had to explain how a horse could be hitched "to a locust," is worth recalling. He had never heard of locust trees, and rendered the word by "sauterelle," or grasshopper. Finding that this needed some explanation, he appended a footnote explaining that grasshoppers grew to a gigantic size in the United States, and that it was the custom to place a stuffed specimen at the door of every mansion for the convenience of visitors, who hitched their horses to it.

Nest in a Gun.

A pair of starlings have built their nests in a gun used for the instruction of Naval Reservists at Brightlingsea. There will be no firing from that gun until the youngsters can fly.

Editing Under Difficulties.

Newspaper editing has its difficulties in Posen. The PRACA, a local journal, is reduced to accepting casual and amateur assistance by the fact that all its professional editors are immured in fortresses for *lese majesté*.

Seals Play Ping-Pong.

An Indianapolis trainer has taught a herd of seals to play ping-pong with considerable skill. The seals are to be exhibited shortly, and challenges will be issued by their trainer to society champions at the game.

Exempt from "Sentry-go."

A trooper of the 12th Uhlan Regiment is now lying in the barracks hospital in Insterburg indulging in a three weeks' sleep. He can eat and drink, but drowsily, and immediately after his meal falls into a profound sleep again.

Corporations as Lenders.

A start will be made next week in a provincial town with the Corporation flower-box lending scheme. The supply will run to 1,200 boxes, or double the number lent out when operations were begun two seasons ago. The deposit exacted is only a shilling.

Pin Catches a Thief.

A Paris thief, while picking a lady's pocket recently, pricked himself so severely with a pin which happened to be in her dress that he uttered a cry of pain, which led to his immediate arrest. The sum of £190 in cash was found upon him.

Dyed Milk Oh!

Evidence is accruing that the practice of adding artificial colouring matter to milk is increasing. Samples are commonly met with thus coloured to give them a rich but false creamy aspect. The natural colour of milk bears no relation necessarily to the amount of cream present. Annatto is the dye commonly employed, and it is fortunate that it is harmless. Certain coal-tar dyes have, however, been detected in milk, and among them the sodium salt of dimethylaniline-azobenzene-sulphonic acid.

Necklace of Ants.

A necklace made of black ants is an article of adornment of New Guinea. The Anglican Mission there gives particulars of one, which measured over eleven feet long and was composed of as many as 1,800 bodies of ants. Three little pieces of shell and a dozen English beads were incorporated into it, and there was the native string holding it together, yet its weight only reached 2 drams, 2 scruples, 13 grains. These large black ants make big nests in the native gardens, and the native women and girls catch them, pull off their heads, bite off and swallow the other end, and thread the "thorax."

Charity in Tram-Cars.

On the initiative of the Press Association of Milan, the inhabitants one Sunday recently were afforded an opportunity of participating in a novel method of contributing to a charitable fund. Every passenger in the tramcars was requested, in addition to paying the ordinary fare, to buy an extra ticket, at a cost of about one penny, the proceeds to be devoted to the relief of the sufferers from the volcanic disasters in the West Indies. Each tramcar was decorated with Italian, British, and French flags, and carried a large placard appealing to the citizens of Milan to help the cause by purchasing the above-mentioned tickets. This happy and original idea "caught on," with the result that by the evening over £600 had been subscribed by the public.

Movable Schoolhouses.

To cope with the overcrowded condition of the schools in Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., portable schoolhouses, fitted up with everything necessary for the health and comfort of the scholars, are being rapidly installed. The inhabitants object to the increase of rates by the erection of substantial brick buildings, unless the overcrowding is likely to be permanent. These portable structures, which cost £250 each, have accommodation for fifty children, and are very easily taken to pieces for removal. They are put in the playground of whatever school is at the time overcrowded. If it is found necessary to have several portable buildings at one school for several years, the need for permanent enlargement will be apparent, and ratepayers will cease to make any objections.

Perpetual "New Laid" Eggs.

Eggs from New Zealand as fresh as the day they were laid mark the latest stride in food preservation. Some remarkable official experiments and tests with a case of eggs from that colony, treated by the "Ellis" system, were carried out recently at the offices of the Agent-General for New Zealand in Victoria-street. The eggs were shipped among the ordinary cargo and not in the refrigerating rooms, and proved to be fresh and good in taste and smell although four months old. The "Ellis" system is not one of preservation in lime or coating with preservatives, and as Mr. Ellis has preserved eggs for twenty months, a revolution in the egg trade may possibly ensue as the result of his discovery. This is comforting to the egg-troubled mind. In future, eggs may be almost any age you like and yet be "new laid"!

Church-Going Animals.

There is a dove in Lewiston, Maine, U.S.A., which has been a regular attendant at church for eight or ten years, being attracted by the music, of which it is very fond. After church the dove is taken to the Sunday-school class by a boy, and seems to enjoy the proceedings. Unlike many churchgoers, the weather makes no difference to the dove, but every Sunday, summer or winter, it is at its post on the organ. There is a church bell on Salt Lake City's east side that seems to have a peculiar attraction for the dogs in the vicinity. Each Sabbath morning, as soon as the bell begins its noise, many of the canines in the neighbourhood prick up their ears and start in single file for the church. Arriving there, they array themselves in front and start a howling obbligato. This bestial [illegible] as long as the bell keeps going, and when it stops the dogs feel that their duty has been done, and, dropping their ears and voices, start home again.

Some Stamp Statistics.

The average supply of stamps for a fortnight's use is about 80,000,000 of the penny value, and 50,000,000 of halfpenny. It is said that nearly 80,000,000 of the new stamps were disposed of the first two days. The number of penny stamps used in this country in the year reaches close on 2,500,000,000.

Making Geography.

An enthusiastic citizen of Chicago was showing a visitor the wonders of the lake front. "A few years ago," said he, "the lake extended inland far beyond where we are now standing. I tell you there isn't a town in the world that's making history as fast as Chicago is!" "It looks to me more like making geography," replied the unemotional stranger.

Protecting Hotel Guests.

An excellent law has been passed by the legislature of Wisconsin, U.S.A., requiring the proprietors of hotels and restaurants to place in every sleeping room a rope not less than half-an-inch in diameter, and long enough to reach to the ground. The fine for neglecting to provide this safeguard against fire for the hotel guest is to be not less than £5.

State Theatres.

The King and Queen of Roumania are about to establish little theatres in all the rural communes of their kingdom. In these theatres the villagers will give, once or twice a week, moral plays, having as their object the inculcation of religious and social precepts. The first of the theatres will be built on one of the Royal estates.

An Ancient Draughtboard.

What is described as an "ancient draught-board" has been discovered in Crete. It must by all accounts be a fine piece of work, since it is composed of natural crystal, ivory, gold, and silver, but it is by no means unique. Chess, draughts, or the game from which both are derived, was known to nearly all the ancient civilisations, and Greek and Egyptian boards are by no means uncommon.

Lifting a Sky Scraper.

A heavy and delicate piece of underpinning under rather unusual conditions has been successfully accomplished on Lower Broadway, New York, where one end of a tall office building adjacent to a taller new office building has been raised nearly two inches and underpinned without perceptibly impairing the integrity of the brickwork, stone masonry, or plaster, or even disturbing the alignment of the lifts and other machinery in use.

Bumps and Business.

Business men are awaking to the advantages of consulting phrenology in the choice of *employés* as managers, foremen, shop assistants, or in any other capacity. A Liverpool firm, employing over five hundred clerks and managers, engages a Fellow of the British Phrenological Society in the Midlands to select suitable candidates for vacancies. Other firms in Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Bristol, Birmingham, Brighton, do the same. Phrenology is looking up.

A Jumble Sale Incident.

An amusing incident occurred at a jumble sale recently held at a Nonconformist church in Southampton. The church is situated near a well-known laundry, to which a messenger, who was not very safe in his topography, was to take the weekly washing of a prominent citizen of the town. Unfortunately for the owner the washing was left at the church, whereupon the holders of the sale, thankful for the anonymous gift, proceeded to offer the collars, shirts, and various other articles to the highest bidder.

It Puzzled Him.

It is said of a former Marquis of Townshend that when young and engaged in battle he saw a drummer at his side killed by a cannon ball, which scattered his brains in every direction. His eyes were at once fixed on the ghastly object, which seemed to engross his thoughts. A superior officer observing him, supposed he was intimidated at the sight, and addressed him in a manner to cheer his spirits. "Oh!" said the young marquis, with calmness, but severity, "I am not frightened. I am puzzled to make out how any man with such a quantity of brains ever came to be here!"

Picture Postcard Sales.

The extraordinary development of the German mania for picture postcards is attested by the total number of cards which passed through the post in 1900, no fewer than 736,000,000. In a single week of the holiday season the daily average posted of these souvenir cards amounted to nearly a million and a half. Though this form of memento has been for some time introduced here in England, it happily does not seem to be likely to gain anything like its Teutonic popularity. Most of the cards which deck the shop windows are purchased by the foreign customer on a visit.

Suitable Epitaph!

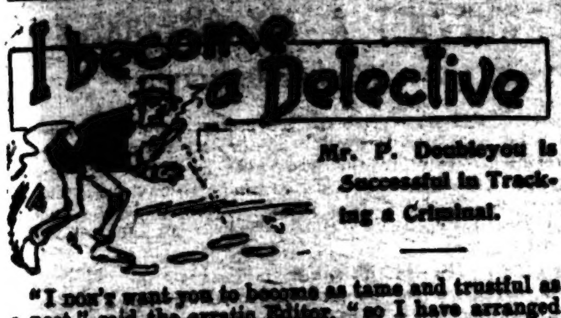
A well-known and highly-respected firework manufacturer died recently in the North of England, and his wife ordered a very expensive tombstone to be erected in his memory. She was much perturbed, for no epitaph submitted to her did she consider suitable. After a prolonged and diligent search, she discovered one she thought to be appropriate on the tombstone of a prominent musician, in a Manchester cemetery. Now, on the memorial stone of this noted firework manufacturer it is stated, so that he who runs may read, that "He has gone to the one place where his works are excelled!"

New Potatoes for Old.

Here is a way in which imitation new potatoes are made: Late in the season, after other crops are out of the way, the gardener plants a crop of late and good-keeping potatoes. These potatoes are dug and buried in heaps in the open field, and left until spring opens and the new potato season arrives. At the proper time the heaps are opened, and the potatoes dipped into a boiling solution to curl the skin. The effect of dipping any potato, no matter how old, into this boiling lye solution is to crack and curl the skin, and at the same time it hardens or makes the potato much more firm, so that its resemblance to a new potato is so near that it would be hard to pick out the imitation, from appearance alone, from a basket of the genuine article.

"Should Women Ride Astride?" by Mrs. Alec Tweedie—see the June LADY'S MAGAZINE.

I become a Detective



Mr. P. Doubleyou is Successful in Tracking a Criminal.

"I DON'T want you to become as tame and trustful as a poet," said the erratic Editor, "so I have arranged that you shall go as a detective." He thereupon handed me a card bearing the name and address of a very famous agency, and instructed me to lose no time in placing myself at their service. "You must put away that weary expression of yours, however, and you must pay a visit to the hairdresser's, and get generally groomed up; otherwise the crime-scouters will decide at the outset that you are not sharp and up-to-date enough for their business."

"Am I to assist in tracing real criminals?" I asked, hardly crediting the notion that the Editor would run the risk of having one of his staff meet with an untimely death by knife or revolver.

For answer the Chief said: "Ask them to allow you to sit on a seat in Hyde Park, and count the dogs that pass, then you will be safe enough."

From the tone in which he made this last remark I gathered that he was well satisfied with his own wit, and, as I always dislike to be the cause of removing contentment from the breast of any honest fellow-creature, I withdrew, so letting him have the last word.

I VISIT A DETECTIVE AGENCY.

On my way to the offices of the Detective Agency I called at a fashionable hairdressing establishment, where I had my hair cut. I also called at a hatter's and procured a beautiful, glossy, new, silk hat.

I tried to think of something jolly in the hope of dispelling what the Editor, in his grotesque way, called my "weary expression." As I ascended the staircase leading to the manager's private room, I flattered myself that he would not judge me as unfitted for the new rôle on the score of my personal appearance.

"How do you do, Mr. P. Doubleyou? I hear from your Editor that you are particularly anxious to act for a little time as a detective! We are conferring a great favour upon you in consenting to put our experience at your disposal," were the manager's words of greeting.

"Do I understand you to say that the Editor said that I was particularly anxious to play the part of a detective?" I asked in amazement.

"Yes, he said you wouldn't be happy till he secured you an opportunity of distinguishing yourself. Now, I've no time to spare, so just listen attentively to all I have to say. Don't let a single detail escape you, or your time and mine will probably be wasted.

I BECOME A NAVVY.

"I want you to dress up as a rough labourer, and to go down to Limehouse! In Stoke Place you will find a public-house named The Blue Tiger. Well, for the past month or two, the proprietor has suffered through some mysterious thieving, and hitherto the police have been at a loss to account for it. They have tried marked coins, and all the old cut-and-dried tricks without result. I want you to put on the dress of a navvy and to loiter about the bar and the taproom all day long.

"You must pass yourself off as a man who has had some trouble, and who is, as a consequence, having a rest and spending his savings. Seem to be watching nobody, yet keep your eyes on each of the four potmen who are employed behind the counter, as well as upon any regular or frequent customers."

"But I have just had my hair cut and been generally groomed up, in accordance with the Editor's advice, and you tell me to get myself up as a navvy!"

"Never mind what you've done; go and hire the roughest suit of clothes that you can. Get a suitable pair of dust-eaten boots and a cap and scarf to match. Grime your hands and arms, and face and neck a bit, and don't shave again until you effect a capture—even if it is a week."

I FIND "THE BLUE TIGER."

I asked half-a-dozen questions as to what I should do in the event of my making a discovery and so on, and I spent half a day in getting together an outfit such as the manager had described; then, at eight o'clock one morning, I made my way to the southern side of the Royal Exchange, and took a 'bus that went in the direction of Millwall.

I found The Blue Tiger readily enough, and I pushed my way into the bar and ordered a pint of "four 'arf." With this I retired to a table in a darkish corner, and I accidentally (save the mark!) spilt a large portion of my ale, when I felt certain that I was unobserved.

Presently one of the potmen came round, and, when collecting the empty glasses, looked closely at me.

"Ain't yer working, mate?" he asked, and I replied that I was blooming well sick of work and everything else, and meant to take things easy for a bit.

As the morning wore on a number of women entered the place, and my continued presence was less noticeable, for the potmen were kept pretty busy in quelling the petty quarrels of the "ladies."

I watched and watched for the smallest sign of pilfering on the part of any of the potmen, but one o'clock arrived, and I had bought—but not drunk—no fewer than four pints of "four 'arf." I left The Blue Tiger and walked to the nearest eating house, where I made a square, if not rich, meal. Then I sauntered into The Blue Tiger again, and took up a position in another part of the long, narrow bar.

I again passed hours in the company of dock labourers, bricklayers, loafers, youths who looked like pickpockets, corpulent women, as well as many an honest workman, who dropped in for a glass of beer, and hurried off again about his business. So far as I could see all the potmen seemed to do their work well and rapidly, and not one of them did anything that aroused my suspicions.

On the second and the third day I was not more successful. Indeed, I began to be sympathetic towards the poor, hard-working potmen; one of them seemed less robust than his three companions, and I pitied him for having to work for so many hours in such a place. I chatted with him for a minute or two on the fourth day, and I thought that for one in his position he was unusually intelligent. As I buried my face in a pint mug the young potman was greeted by a red-faced customer, who said, "Ready, Bob?"

I WATCH THE POTMAN.

I pretended not to hear or notice anything, but I thought the remark very odd, and my curiosity was not lessened by the conduct of the potman. He simply nodded and made his way to the back of the bar, where he drew a pint of "four 'arf," and handed it over to the apparently thirsty customer, whose face already bore signs of a capacity for liquor. On receiving the beer he eagerly drank deeply and lolled back against one of the tables near me. He took another draught of the "four 'arf," seemingly emptying the pot.

As he handled the mug I thought I heard money rattle somewhere. I cast a quick glance at the man, and, as I did so, his eyes met mine and he shifted his pot awkwardly. However, I made a flippant remark, and pretended to look out of the window.

When I thought he had just had time to overcome his bit of a fright I hurriedly turned round and asked him for a match. As I did so I was surprised, and yet not surprised, to catch him in the act of emptying two florin pieces and two sixpences from out the pot into the palm of his left hand!

I DETECT THE THIEVES.

"What, measuring your money?" I jerked out in a jocular voice.

"Yus, that's it," he replied, winking at me in a knowing manner. "Have a drink?" he said, and I accepted almost eagerly.

That same afternoon I returned to the Detective Agency, and I reported all that I had found out. Two days later the intelligent young potman and the red-faced customer were arrested by a couple of real detectives. From the evidence of the potman, who confessed everything, it transpired that he was in the pay of a gang of sneaks and burglars, who had half coaxed and half bullied him into confederacy.

The plan was simple enough: he just had to occasionally put money into a pot on a shelf instead of into the till, and then, when one of the gang entered the taproom, he had to fill up the pot containing the money with "four 'arf," and hand it over.

My success as a detective was thought a good deal of by the Agency, but the Editor said he couldn't spare me to do any more jobs for them, as he wanted me to go over to Paris next week.

◆

Miss De Muir: "Papa always gives me a book as a birthday gift."

Miss De Meanor: "What a fine library you must have."

◆

Dobson: "An unsigned poem is to me a symbol of modesty."

Hobson: "That's funny; it strikes me as an indication of cowardice."

◆

Wife: "Here's a letter from the Scotts asking us to spend a week with them."

Husband: "Let's see. The fare is £2. If they'd make it two weeks, or pay the fare one way, we could do it."

◆

Mrs. Billins: "Is your son's wife an economical young woman?"

Mrs. Flabbus: "I should say so. She has induced him to let his beard grow, so as to be able to get along without neckties."

◆

Professor (lecturing): "In conclusion I would instance mental aberration, a mania to which the learned are frequently subject, and occasionally make themselves ridiculous without knowing it." (After saying which the professor took, instead of his hat, the lamp shade off the bracket, put it on his head, and walked out).

KINGS TWICE CROWNED.

Unique Events at Previous Coronations.

THOUGH there is always the greatest possible searching at every new coronation into all precedents and ceremonial rites that have had place before, yet, strangely enough, it happens almost without exception that some event or other occurs in connection with every crowning of an English sovereign that has never obtained at a previous coronation.

Richard III. was the only one of our monarchs who had two coronations. He was not satisfied with being crowned at Westminster, but, knowing how terrible the sturdy North of England could make it for any king of whom it did not approve, he thought it best to conciliate the North by being crowned there, too. Hence he had the ceremony repeated at York Minster, and the chair on which he sat on that occasion is still religiously guarded in the renowned city on the Ouse.

On the contrary, Edward V.—the "baby king"—who was murdered by his uncle's commands in the Tower, was never crowned at all. He was to have been, and all arrangements had been made, but the crafty Duke of Gloucester took care that the coronation should never take place, as he had designs on the crown himself. Edward V. was our only sovereign who was never crowned.

Mary I. is the only sovereign who was crowned without sitting in the famous coronation chair at Westminster. She was so popish in her tendencies that she thought it best to abjure such savouring of heresy as sitting in a chair that had been occupied by sternly Protestant monarchs. So she had a special chair made and blessed by the Pope, and this chair is preserved to-day in Winchester Cathedral.

Henry VII. is the only sovereign of Britain who has been crowned before the actual official ceremony at Westminster. When the Battle of Bosworth showed clearly his victory over Richard III., the latter hid the crown in a thicket on the field. Here it was found by Sir William Stanley, who had well helped Henry by becoming a traitor to Richard at the critical moment. Stanley took the crown to Henry and placed it upon his head, whilst the surrounding officers and men hailed him as their king.

Cromwell is the only ruler—not king—of England who has ever had the coronation chair removed from Westminster Abbey for the purpose of sitting in it to have his "sovereignty" acknowledged. In his case the chair was carried across to Westminster Hall, and it was there that Oliver was installed with due ceremony as Protector.

Queen Anne still holds the record as being the only English sovereign who had literally to be carried to the Abbey to be crowned. Upon the day fixed for her coronation the Queen was attacked with such terrible attacks of gout (from which she was a constant sufferer), that she could not walk a step, and so she had to be carried to her carriage at St. James' Palace, and at the Abbey she had to be again carried from the carriage to her seat in the appointed place.

Victoria is the only sovereign who has ever sat twice in the coronation chair at Westminster. She, of course, occupied it on her coronation day in June, 1838, and she again occupied it at the time of celebrating her first Jubilee, 1887, when she attended the special service in the Abbey on that occasion.

George I. is the only sovereign who ever sat in that same chair and could not speak the language of the people whose king he was being crowned. He did not know a word of English, and all the questions and necessary parts of the service had to be translated into German for him by interpreters as the ceremony went on. By them, too, his answers and promises, made in German, had to be turned into English. Even William III. got along swimmingly and easily compared with this German Elector, who became, in 1715, the founder of the House of Hanover in England.

In Queen Victoria's coronation procession only five royal personages were included besides herself. These were the Dukes of Cambridge and Sussex, and the Duchesses of Cambridge, Kent, and Gloucester. The Royal ladies appeared in purple velvet robes of estate, and wearing circlets of gold on their heads. Their coronets were borne behind them.

On the occasion of George III.'s coronation the procession did not start for the Abbey until noon, and when at length it did arrive the ceremony was protracted for six whole hours! The procession returned to find Westminster Hall enveloped in darkness. When the good-natured young King at last rounded upon the Deputy Earl Marshal, my Earl of Effingham, the latter could find no better apology than the curious remark: "It is true, sir, that there has been some neglect, but I have taken care that the next coronation shall be regulated in the exactest manner possible."

YOU WILL BE DISAPPOINTED

If you do not take the precaution to order a copy of *Short Stories* to be got for you. It is so simple. Any newsagent will get you a copy if he is out of stock, or one will be sent on receipt of 1½d. in stamps addressed to the Publisher, 17 and 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Nine penny stamps and an envelope – and the thing is done! 'Coronation Monday.'
Fresh Air Fund.

Champions of Lost Causes.
CULLODEN

Societies that are Formed for Queer Reasons.

It will probably be news to most readers of *P.W.* that there are living in England to-day Britons who claim to owe allegiance not to His Majesty King Edward VII., but to "Queen Ludwig," the latter of whom they assert to be the true and lawful ruler of this realm.

H.R.H. Princess Ludwig is the present head of the exiled Stuarts. Her ancestor, King James II., was driven from his throne by the Revolution of 1688; and the last hopes of the unhappy family were shattered on the field of Culloden, near Inverness, just 156 years ago, when the "Young Pretender" was finally defeated by the soldiers of King George.

Nevertheless, the Jacobite cause is still kept alive in the land by a few enthusiasts, and only the other day, on the anniversary of the conflict mentioned above, a small band of them drove from Inverness to the moor, and solemnly deposited a number of wreaths on the memorial cairn, while pipers in full Highland costume played laments.

The wreaths were sent by the Flora Macdonald Club, the Legitimist League, and the Royal Oak Club, Edinburgh. The latter's tribute took the form of the Highland targe, with crossed and broken claymores, the inscription running: "The Royal Stuarts, now represented by H.R.H. Princess Ludwig of Bavaria, shall yet be restored to the throne of their ancestors." Of course, this sort of thing is neither more nor less than treason, and would in times not very far distant have almost certainly cost those taking part in it their heads.

In remote corners of France there still exist branches of the "Ici Society," a once powerful and wealthy secret organisation, whose avowed object is to restore to the throne of his ancestors the supposed grandson of Louis XVII., son of Louis XVI., who was guillotined. Louis XVII. never reigned, and the generally received opinion is that he died in prison of starvation and ill-usage—some say by poison—at the age of ten years and two months.

ORIGIN OF THE ICI SOCIETY.

The members of the Ici Society, however, affect to believe that the young prince was rescued by the Chevalier de l'Œillet, and that a half-witted deaf-mute, a relative of the gaoler's wife, was substituted in his place. This lad, it was said, was of a similar age and stature to the Dauphin, and sufficiently like him to disarm suspicion. The bribe for the substitution was stated to have been 300,000 francs (£12,000); and another sum of 50,000 francs (£2,000) was supposed to have been paid to the master of an English cutter, who smuggled the Dauphin to this country, where he settled down and, in due course, married a girl named Ida Caraccioli, by whom he had issue. It was by taking the first letter of this lady's Christian name, in conjunction with the first and last letters of her surname, that the society got its title.

"The Sons of the Lia Fail" is the title of an Irish-American society which was founded in Chicago some twenty-odd years ago, with the avowed object of stealing the famous "Stone of Scone," which serves as the seat of the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey. "Lia" means a stone, and "Fail" is for Falias, the city whence this particular stone was removed to Tara in Ireland. Members of the order allege that the stone was really the property of Ireland for a thousand years before Christ, and that upon it were crowned the Irish kings for centuries, and they further assert that there is a tradition that the people in whose hands its custody is vested are certain to prosper and to rule.

IRELAND WANTS THE "STONE OF DESTINY."

Therefore, they argue, the first step towards raising "Ould Oireland" to the dignity of a nation is to become possessed of this marvellous "Stone of Destiny." And, incredible though it may sound, it is, nevertheless, a fact, that the society has made at least one spirited attempt to secure the coveted trophy. Men were sent from America to work in conjunction with certain Fenians in London, and it was arranged that some of the conspirators should secrete themselves in the Abbey, seize and gag the solitary night-watchman on duty, remove the stone, and pass it through a window to others, who would be in waiting outside to convey it to a place of safety.

The scheme was well thought out, and would in all probability have succeeded, but for the inevitable informer. The Abbey was at once surrounded with extra police and detectives, and the plotters had to flee the country to escape arrest. It is whispered, however, that another attempt is shortly to be made, either just before or just after King Edward's coronation, when the members believe that the object will at last be attained, for which they have planned and plotted for well nigh a quarter of a century.

In 1861, the slave-holding portion of the United States of America determined to secede from the Union, and establish a separate republican confederacy, wherein cotton should be king, and sugar queen, and where the black race should toil eternally in bonds for the benefit of the white. But the North said "No," and, after a war which lasted nearly five years, and cost the lives of over a million men, the North carried its point.

With the fall of Richmond and the surrender under the historic "apple-tree at Appomatox," of the confederate general Lee and his army, it was generally recognised that the cause of the South was irretrievably lost. And, coincident with that recognition, there sprang into being, strangely enough, the secret society that was to champion it.

Its founders and practically all its members were old confederate soldiers, and they dubbed their organisation the "Ku Klux Klan," a name said to be derived from some fancied resemblance to the sound produced by cocking a rifle. At first it used its power in order to terrorise, by flogging and murder, the newly-enfranchised negro voters, but afterwards it was driven, by the irresistible logic of circumstances, into the wholesale political murder of whites who were opposed to its views and methods and dared to disregard its warnings. This terrible society still exists, notably in Louisiana, Georgia, and North and South Carolina, and there is probably not one among its thousands of members who does not believe that some day the old dream of a mighty independent cotton-growing and slave-owning confederacy will yet come to pass.

SPANIARDS WOULD RE-ESTABLISH THE INQUISITION.

If there is any one institution which would seem to all outward appearances to be as dead as the proverbial mutton, it is the Inquisition. Even in Spain, its original home, and where it lingered longest, it was formally abolished by the Cortes more than eighty years ago. Yet the fact remains that there exists at the present moment a powerful and wealthy organisation, whose sole aim and object is its re-establishment.

The society which was founded at Innsbruck in 1878, calls itself the "Orti y Lara," and it has branches in Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Germany, England, and Malta. Its deliberations are, ordinarily, strictly secret, and the individual members of the order, although they are in possession of certain grips and passwords by which they are able to make themselves known to one another, are forbidden to disclose to outsiders that they are in any way connected with the organisation.

In 1900, a semi-public convention of the leaders of the "Orti y Lara" was held at Geneva, at which the statement was made that the membership roll embraced over half a million adults, and that there was also an "affiliated subsidiary juvenile roll of honour, on which were inscribed the names of nearly 300,000 children, who were being educated to follow in the footsteps and support the principles of their fathers and mothers."

◆

"But how do you know they have a new servant in the house?"

"By the mixed expression of awe and humility that is on the faces of all the family."

◆

Wife: "That last set of china is the best we ever had."

Husband: "Um; it's all gone, isn't it?"

Wife: "Yes; but just think, dear! It lasted four girls and a half."

BICYCLES FOR BOYS

AND GIRLS, and Thousands of Other Prizes.

£5 NOTES FOR TEACHERS and
£5 NOTES FOR PARENTS.

HERE is a chance for thousands of you to secure a pencil-case, a penknife, or a book each; and two of you to each secure a brand new bicycle. All you have to do is to copy in black ink the words "Pearson's *Weekly*. To interest; to elevate; to amuse," on the first cover page. Copies must be *larger* than the original on the cover, and the work must be done in school hours at the request of the master or mistress of your class. No ruling is allowed.

When the headings are done the teacher should collect them and send them along in an envelope marked "BOY" or "GIRL" (as the case may be), to the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., together with a few lines certifying that the heading is in each case the unaided work of the competitor.

Each heading must bear the name of the pupil who drew it. As the attempts of each school are finished they should be sent in AT ONCE, when the prizes will be immediately awarded. Schools may make any number of attempts. This competition will close TUESDAY, JULY 15th.

To the pupil in each school competing who sends in the most accurate drawing, a pencil-case, a penknife, or a book will be awarded, and to the boy and the girl whose attempt the Editor considers to be the best of all those sent in from all the schools will be presented a brand new bicycle (*one bicycle for a boy, and one bicycle for a girl*). Moreover, the teacher of each pupil who receives a bicycle will be presented with a cheque for £5. The mother of each pupil who wins a bicycle will also receive £5.

Show this to your school teacher, and ask him or her to allow you and your schoolmates to enter for this competition. The number of copies of Pearson's *Weekly* required for the purpose of copying will be sent post free on receipt of a postcard addressed to "Publisher, Pearson's *Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C."

WHY NOT A TAX ON JOKES?

BY A HARD-UP HUMOURIST.

The present regime of free trade in jokes, whereby a joke once perpetrated becomes the property of the nation to circulate and distribute as every individual thinks fit, without acknowledgment to the genius who conceived it, is a gross injustice to a most deserving national industry.

Only the other day the Joke Editor said something original. He did the same about this time last year. No sooner had he uttered the words than, on picking up another paper, he found the thing in print. Now this wholesale purloining of other people's humour should be put a stop to. Government should tax jokes, and license them to their owner, who should be their legal parent, guardian and sponsor at law—until, of course, their coming of age.

Original jokes should be protected by a duty on both the home and foreign variety. The tariff on imported foreign jokes should, of course, be greater than on the home article, in order to encourage British humorists. American jokes, owing to their abundance, and their tendency to corrupt the language, should be heavily taxed. French jokes could come in under a moderate duty, while the German brand, owing to its restricted output, might be allowed in at a nominal figure, as a curio or antique. Of course, there wouldn't be any Scottish jokes to——(Silence!—Ed.)

To start with the British variety. On making a joke, the thing would be registered, a duty paid, and your ownership guaranteed by Royal Letters Patent, signed and sealed by the Lord Great Joke Chamberlain (not Joe Chamberlain). This would testify that that functionary had seen, examined, and approved the point of the joke, and licensed it for public use. It could be consumed on or off the premises of the owner, except after certain hours on week days, and Sundays (when only travellers would be allowed to partake of it).

Drawing up a joke would have to be done with the aid of a Joke Agent. It would be no earthly use taking an antique variety of joke to the Registry Office. This department would have collected all the known examples of every nation, and, of course, would not license a traditional joke.

Supposing, for instance, you had struck something new in the mother-in-law line of humour. You would have to fill up a form. Under "subject" you would put A 1 (the recognised mark of the Mother-in-Law joke, seeing its predominant character in the catalogue). Then you would classify the nature of her actions and remarks.

The clerks would at once look up the register, and if it was found that the good lady had not said or done anything of the kind before, you would be granted a license, and would pay the tax. That joke would then be yours so long as you kept it, and anyone else using it, or printing it, would be liable to a heavy fine.

Just think of the enormous advantage this would be to joke-keepers and dealers. Every paper, directly it was published, would be handed to the Joke Department of the Board of Trade. Every example would be scrutinised, and the registers referred to to see if the paper had paid the tax. If several jokes were discovered at large without any license or other visible means of support, the Editor would receive a visit from an inspector, who would make him pay duty on so many smuggled jokes.

Then, supposing jokes were printed which were the licensed property of others. An editor would then be liable to imprisonment as a thief, or rogue or vagabond, or something of the kind (very appropriate), or if he were not cognisant that it was another's property, and had printed it in good faith, he would be a receiver of stolen jokes.

This would insure that every joke printed in a paper would be original, and would also guarantee enterprising editors against having their prize jokes purloined by others.

Foreign varieties would, as I have said, be liable to a heavier tax, so that myself and other miserable Joke-factors would be able at last to eke out some kind of existence. American humourists, such as Mark Twain, Max Adeler, and others would be quarantined, or arrested by the authorities as illicit joke stills, if they attempted to land without paying a handsome indemnity to the Government, as a deposit on any jokes they might circulate in the country.

Of course, crime would be certain if this measure were passed. We should hear of "Jim Smith being charged with Joke Pocketing in the Strand," that is to say, he would have been listening to licensed humourists conversing, and would have appropriated their gems of smartness for his own use.

Then illicit joke stills would be discovered. They would be persons with an unlimited sense of humour, who had not licensed themselves to be funny. Men with merry twinkles in their eye would be followed by the police, and if by any chance they said anything humorous and did not license it, they would be instantly run in and fined.

Old gentlemen with favourite stories which they "love to tell their friends" would derive enormous benefit from the measure. They would be the legal disbursers of their own jokes, and everyone repeating them would be liable to imprisonment for theft.

The June LADY'S MAGAZINE contains the second part of "The Japanese Nightingale," a Japanese story, by a Japanese writer, and illustrated by a Japanese artist.

"As a Man Sows."

POWERFUL SERIAL.

Beware the woman with ruddy hair,
For her hate is red, and she weaveth a snare
That spelleth woe to Malyon's heir.

Extract from a document in the possession of the Malyon family.

By the author of "Fettered Lives."

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

SIR ROYLE MALYON.
A proud aristocrat. He disinherits his son because of his behaviour, and on the latter's assurance that he is unmarried, he cuts the entail of the estates for a sum of money.

LADY MALYON.
His second wife, whom he met abroad. Gilbert recognises her as being concerned in La Maison Rouge Mystery—a murder in Normandy.

GILBERT MALYON (alias Geoffrey Marsh).
Sir Royle's son, a reprobate who lived under the name of Geoffrey Marsh. He is killed in revenge by Luke Riordan.

GRACE MARSH.
The wife of Geoffrey Marsh (Gilbert Malyon). She does not know her husband's real name. He leaves her with their child at Gilzieux, a seaside village in Normandy.

JACK HALWARD.
A former *fiancé* of Grace. Gilbert Malyon dies in his arms and with his last words asks him to care for his wife and child.

REUBEN GRIMWOOD.
Sir Royle's secretary, and a very unscrupulous man. After Gilbert's death he obtains certain papers containing proofs of the existence of Gilbert's son, who is therefore heir to the estates. With these he threatens Lady Malyon (who also has a baby son, for which reason she hated Gilbert as being his father's heir), and so obtains a hold on her.

BARTHOLOMEW BOOTE.
Grimwood's brother. He keeps a curiosity shop in London, but is really an accomplished scoundrel.

LUKE RIORDAN.
A gipsy, to whose sister Gilbert Malyon had been untrue. On this account he murders Gilbert.

MARGARET HOLT (Flash Meg).
A thief and decoy in Boote's service. She is in love with Halward. In spite of her profession, she is really a good woman at heart.

JONAS GRIDE.
A money-lending solicitor who knows of Gilbert Malyon's dual identity.

SETH SCARFIELD.
A deformed cripple and cobbler. He had secretly loved Nell Riordan, and used to sit by her grave at night.

CHARBONEL.
A celebrated French detective to whom is intrusted the solution of La Maison Rouge Mystery.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Halward Meets Chickweed Joe.

HALWARD waited for a second, then rose up silently on to his feet. It was exceedingly dark; but the fact that the two figures had momentarily passed beyond the range of his vision did not worry him. He was feeling stiff and cramped. He had put a strain upon himself that only a man with an iron constitution could have endured; but the tense excitement of it all had strung up his nerves like a strong tonic. He fervently prayed that an attack of that "confounded giddiness" might not seize upon him at a critical moment.

Whither were Reuben Grimwood and Boote—he took it for granted that the other man was Boote—bound? Was it possible that that night might see the mystery of Mrs. Marsh's whereabouts solved?

He quickened a little. The darkness in the footway itself, masked on either side by walls, was almost intense. But as he approached the end, the two figures ahead became visible, framed in the entrance. Halward saw them swing round to the left. Reaching the entrance himself, he peered round. They were still in sight. With a shadowy smile he pulled his boots out of his pockets, and slipped them on hurriedly. His pursuit might take him into lighted streets, and bootless feet might attract attention. It had been a different matter up that unlighted, unfrequented footway.

Again the steamer's melancholy hoot reminded him of the near vicinity of the river. The two men ahead were moving along slowly, and their attitudes, as momentarily revealed by a lamp, suggested whispered conversation.

"I've got a pull over that scoundrel Grimwood," muttered Halward, "he hasn't the vaguest notion that I know that there's any connection between him and Boote. I'm very grateful to that torn piece of telegram. But for that I might still have been hopelessly in the dark. And I'm keeping it, too!"

He realised that he was very much in the land of the living now. Nearly every second place he passed seemed to be a drinking den. Drunken song filled the night air. Now a crash, and the noise of a brawl. Men and women slunk past him occasionally, some of the women carrying little animated bundles, and with children trailing after them. The two men ahead continued their way. It was one of the most wretched and poverty-stricken districts in London. Docks were hard by, and unskilled labour—mere beast-of-burden work, fetching and carrying—only obtains a starvation price. And where starvation wage is paid, there look for crime, misery, and disease. Though Halward's attention was upon the two figures ahead, he did not fail to note the squalor around him. He was conscious of a feeling of oppressiveness. He thought for a moment of his caravan, and the old open-air life.

Again the attitudes of the men ahead, as revealed by a lamp, told of confidential conversation.

"Mind you, Reube," Bartholomew Boote was whispering, "I promise nothing. Luck—ah, what a big part luck plays in all our ventures! But it's quite worth our while dropping down there and having a look round. This much I am certain of, that if only one has patience, something answering our purpose is sure to turn up, sooner or later. And I do think that, collaterally with the other matter, we should endeavour to bring off this so-called desperate measure. Circumstances are compelling us to adopt what might be called an opportunist policy!"

"I think you are right!" whispered back Grimwood. "Pah! What a vile neighbourhood!"

He shrugged his shoulders with a movement that suggested that he was trying to draw himself closer to himself. Poverty and misery grated upon him. They jarred upon his epicurean mind. Halward had involuntarily thought of his caravan. Grimwood thought of his rooms in Malyon Hall, of his rare editions, and his curios, and the luxurious, aristocratic atmosphere that pervaded everywhere, and wished himself back.

"Vile, yes," responded Boote, "but what food for reflection it affords to anyone interested in social problems. Ah, we want a Shaftesbury down here, to sweep away these hovels, and give us broad avenues and open spaces. Vice and light are deadliest enemies, and crime mislikes a broad, well-lighted thoroughfare!"

And Boote plucked at a side-whisker, evidently pleased at the manner in which he had expressed himself.

"'The rank,'" he added, "'is but the guinea stamp; the man's a man for a' that!'"

The quotation hardly applied; but when a quotation occurred to Boote, he was compelled to blaze it off, applicable or not.

"Bartholomew," said Grimwood, "you love the sound of your own voice. Like Gratiano, you speak an infinite deal of nothing!"

Bartholomew Boote perked his head a little on one side. There was no doubt that had he had the other's educational advantages, he would have been the more brilliant scholar of the two. As it was, he had contrived to pick up a very comprehensive smattering of knowledge.

"A hit, Reube," he whispered, "a very palpable hit. But I have a Roland for your Oliver! I love the Bard of Avon. Now put what Julius Cæsar said of Cassius in your pipe and smoke it!" He paused for a moment. "'Let me have men about me that are fat; sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights; yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much; such men are dangerous!'"

This time the quotation was undoubtedly apt, and Boote again plucked his side-whisker and chuckled shrilly. Grimwood himself joined in the laugh. It was happy, though at the expense of himself. A happy phrase, a scholarly turn appealed to him.

"But," said Boote, "a truce to badinage. We turn round here to the right. Ah, Reube, it's a treat to come in contact with you! Jove! but I wish I had had the advantages of your education! To be with you is an intellectual feast. Now we turn again to the right. We shall find the boat, which I am privileged to use whenever it pleases me, moored just by one Archer's wharf."

The conversation throughout had been carried on in whisper, but Boote's next remark was spoken in a yet lower tone.

"We need not be afraid that in the meantime the birds at Wallen Green might be flying. The mother is ill!"

They had turned twice. On their left ran a low parapet between them and the river. The ground beneath their feet was rough and cobbly. On their right ran a low range of wretched dwellings, many of them boarded up and uninhabited. Here and there skulked a few belated loafers, longshoremen and bedraggled women. The blackness that hung over the river was broken here and there by the riding-lights of ships at anchor.

Boote produced a key from his pocket.

"I am," he whispered, "a privileged person. We are not compelled to go about our business furtively—it is a great advantage. Moreover, should anyone recognise me, my presence in this neighbourhood would not arouse comment. My shop is small, and I warehouse some of my superfluous stock close here."

A dark block of buildings, running at right angles to the parapet, rose up in front of them. Skirting along it, Boote turned into a narrow passage, as gloomy as the one that lay behind his shop, and, a few yards along, fitted the key into a side door. He and Grimwood passed through into complete darkness. The door locked again behind them. Boote struck a match, and lighted a lantern that he had produced from his pocket. They were in a low, cellar-like room, filled with nondescript pieces of furniture, bedding, and broken packing-cases. The atmosphere was impregnated with that odour that one associates with furniture. Boote led the way through to another door at the far end.

"This," he said, flourishing the key in his hand, "is a master-key!"

The door at the end opened into a passage. Through yet another door, and they were in the open again, standing on the edge of an artificial inlet of the river, in its way a little dock, that separated them from the wharf beyond. Some distance away a foot-bridge stretched across. Steep, slimy stone steps ran down to the water. The tide was all but out; but the narrow channel below was deep, and always navigable for small boats, no matter what the state of the tide. Boote had extinguished the lantern.

"Go warily!" he whispered, "a sudden immersion, brother, is undesirable. I will go down the steps first. You'll find a rail against the wall. Catch hold!"

Then—the man was irrepressible—he hummed ever so lightly:

"'Did you ever hear tell of a jolly young waterman?'"

There was something gruesome about his levity.

A few moments later a boat shot out into the stream; then, closely hugging the shore, vanished in the gloom.

"I'm afraid they've done me!" muttered Halward laconically.

He had kept his men in view till they had vanished down the passage beside the buildings that ran at right angles to the parapet. Reaching the corner, a few moments later, he had peered round, and caught the sound of a key being turned in a lock. They must have entered the building. Creeping down the passage, he found the door; then, going a little farther, he found himself confronted by a blank wall. They had obviously entered the place. It was too dark to distinguish much. But above the wall at the end he could see the long arm of a crane stretching up. Returning to the door, he stooped down and peered through the keyhole. Nothing but darkness. He moved on again into the open, and, reaching the parapet, leant upon it, staring across the water, and mechanically feeling in his pocket for his pipe.

The building was probably an outhouse or warehouse in connection with a wharf beyond. What the dickens were those fellows doing inside?

The faint splash of sculls reached his ears. He turned his head sharply. He was just in time to see a dark, shadowy thing glide out from the gloom below. It vanished a moment later. Had those fellows taken to the water, and, if so, in the dickens' name why? Halward started to ram tobacco into his pipe. He had again recalled those words, "I've run them to earth!" Was it possible that Mrs. Marsh and the child had been smuggled away to some place on the riverside? His fingers were working in the tobacco with a nervous action now. The strain of it all was beginning to show on the strong, haggard face. He was still horribly weak.

He stared down immediately beneath him. Here the water had receded, leaving a bed of muddy slime. A boat or two lay sunk in it. But he told himself that to attempt that night to follow those fellows would be hopeless. He could handle a pair of sculls, but he knew nothing of the river. No, on a pitch-black night, such as it was, it would be sheer folly to attempt such a thing. Occasionally the sounds of distant voices and the clatter of nailed boots on cobbles reached him. He lighted his pipe. Leaning over the parapet he was not likely to attract attention. He might have been a riverside loafer.

A clock struck the hour—midnight! He was going to see it through, he told himself grimly, if it meant stopping there till dawn. They would probably return the way they had gone. Then he mentally resolved that when he reached his own quarters again—whenever that should be—he would jot down in writing the events of that night, with the roughly approximate times so far as he could fix them. It might come in useful at some future time.

"Con—found!"

Another attack of the old giddiness had seized him, but it was over in a few seconds. And better then, he told himself, than at some more critical moment. He leant forward again over the parapet, and stared into the darkness, broken here and there by the shimmer of lights on the water.

"A thousand pities!" he muttered regretfully. He was thinking of Flash Meg now. "I'm afraid that I tackled her the wrong way. Hope to Heaven that I wasn't brutal to her—I didn't mean to be. God knows, I don't know the woman's history or what her temptations may have been; but I'm certain of this, that there's fine stuff in her. Somebody who was ill was waiting for her! I wish that she had only given me a chance; but there, I'm an awful duffer where women are concerned!"

He gave a low, rather bitter laugh.

"No, I don't understand women—never did! Perhaps if I had, well, it might have been all very different in the past!"

He rested his forehead on his hands.

"I didn't understand you properly, little Grace," he whispered rather chokingly, "I can't help thinking that I was awfully to blame. After we were engaged I'm afraid that perhaps I took your love too much for granted. And I suppose a fellow ought never to do that, ought never to sort of rest on his oars; but I felt so certain of you—my wretched conceit! And then"—the strong hands tightened round his forehead—"I ought never to have gone away from you for so long. You hadn't many friends, and those shop hours were infernally long, and poor old aunt Judith a bit of a bore, and then, I suppose the—the other fellow came along!"

The hands tightened yet more round his forehead. The heartache, that as a rule was masked, was showing now on the strong, plain face.

"And—and you were only a girl—a child, practically!"

The murmur of the river filled the night air like a plaintive voice, mingling with it the everlasting hum of the great city. Halward's head sank forward a little. Surroundings, the dreary, quiet riverside slum, were forgotten now, the quest that brought him there!

"And the other fellow," he went on, "probably understood you far better than I did!"

A low, bitter laugh again. He was only human.

"But it was a low-down game to play—behind a fellow's back!"

His teeth were denting into the stem of his pipe now.

"And, oh, my God!" he breathed out, "he may have understood you better, little Grace; but he couldn't have loved you more than I did—more than I do!"

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He shaded his eyes with his hands; his broad shoulders rose and fell convulsively. He neither heard nor saw the strange-looking object that was shuffling along the parapet towards him.

"I say, guv'nor, for the love of 'eaving, give us a pinch o' bacca jest to shove in my bloomin' pipe. Ain't 'ad a bloomin' whiff the 'ole day, and wot with that, and no vittles, life and my inside is both on 'em bloomin' blanks. Pardon me makin' so bold, won't yer; but necessity ain't got no bloomin' laws, and the smell o' that pipe o' yourn—well, I tell yer, it fair set up a sort of ache in my jaws, and my mouth's a-waterin' as if there was lemons about!"

At the sound of the husky voice, that suggested gin and fog in equal proportions, Halward had sharply withdrawn his hands from his eyes, and turned. For a moment he could not make up his mind whether it was an old or young man who was addressing him. The figure confronting him was wearing a peaked cap of a kind much affected by riverside folk. Two large ears protruded on either side of it, and the face beneath was practically invisible. The figure was lanky and stooping slightly, and its coat seemed several sizes too big.

Halward pulled out his pouch, took out a handful of tobacco, and gave it to the strange-looking individual. Then the idea struck him that perhaps he might be able to enlighten him as to the nature of the building entered by Reuben Grimwood and his companion.

"Thank yer, guv'nor, may yer never want a pipe o' bacca yerself as long as yer lives, nor arter that!"

Halward was conscious now that a pair of eyes were scrutinising him from under the peaked cap.

"Darkish night, ain't it!"

The individual was filling a clay pipe.

"And now I'm a-goin' to ask yer to oblige me with a lucifer, arter which I shan't be troublin' yer no more!"

Halward struck a match, and sheltered it in the palms of his hands. The individual shambled up to him, thrust his head on one side, and pushed his pipe into Halward's hands. Halward could see his face quite clearly now, a half-starved face, with a nose slightly twisted to one side, and a pair of bright eyes. His pipe alight, the individual straightened up again.

"Thank yer, guv'nor! Reckon you're a stranger to these parts!"

"Then you're not," said Halward.

"Me!"—the individual laughed. "What, Chickweed Joe? Born 'ere, lives 'ere, works 'ere!"

"What sort of work?"

"Odd jobs! Mostly on the river!"

"You know your way about the river, then?"

Chickweed Joe rubbed the side of his nose with his forefinger.

"What I don't know about the river, guv'nor, ain't worth knowin'! Bless yer, I was twice well-nigh drownded in it afore I was three years old; sort o' got my 'and in early. At five I used for to go mudlarkin', and I tell yer I'd fish up a copper out o' the mud with any on 'em! But I say"—this a little suspiciously—"what are you a-doin' round 'ere. You ain't a bloomin' tec, are yer? Cos, if you are, and some of the boys round 'ere got on yer track, you'd find yerself in a warm corner, I'm thinkin'!"

Halward shrugged his shoulders slightly, and smiled. He wanted certain information, and he felt that he must give some rational explanation of his presence in the neighbourhood.

"No, I'm not a detective!"

"P'raps you're worrited in yer mind about something. If you are, don't go starin' too long at the water. It ain't good for a cove wot's melancholy, nor a woman neither!"

Chickweed Joe drew a little closer.

"The women are wuss than the coves, as a rule. For one cove wot throws 'imself over, it's two women. And if they does it between 'ere and the bridges, it's a twenty to one chance that they'll be found among the piles of Blacker's wharf. The river's got a way o' carryin' things there and leavin' 'em there, too! But, what oh, guv'nor, this ain't cheerful talkin', especially as may be that you're a-feelin' 'umpidoodledum-like!"

And thereupon Chickweed Joe thrust his hands into the pockets of his very much too big coat, and executed a marvellous double-shuffle, evidently with the idea of cheering Halward up.

"When," he ejaculated, still continuing the double-shuffle most vigorously, "I feels a bit 'umpidoodledum-like, which ain't often, I finds a bit of a step-dance wonderful cheerin'. I 'ad a little go to myself jest now, afore I met you, when it looked as if I should have to turn in without a bit o' bacca, and nary a red cent to buy some with. You might do wuss than try it, you'd find it lift yer sperrits somethin' wonderful!"

Halward was laughing now. This sudden introduction of a comedy element was unexpected. Chickweed Joe was decidedly a character, and an optimist to boot.

"That's better," ejaculated Joe, "you're larfin'. Now—pardon me—but why don't you go 'ome now? Or—bli'me, but I'm a fat'ead not to 'ave thought o' that afore—p'raps it ain't melancholy at all; but just a gal wot you're waitin' for. Reckon I'd best vamoose!"

"No," said Halward, "it's not a girl, it's not melancholy, and I'm not a detective; but I'm trying to find someone. I'll give you five shillings if you'll answer a few questions, and another five shillings if you'll promise to hold your tongue after. You won't be doing anybody any harm!"

Halward had come to the point with his usual abruptness.

Chickweed Joe pricked up his big ears. He was a happy-go-lucky, riverside ragamuffin, of an optimistic, Bohemian turn of mind. The atmosphere in which he lived had given keenness to a naturally shrewd mind. What the moor and the wold are to the gipsy, the river was to Chickweed Joe. He possessed quite sufficient ability to have obtained regular and respectable employment; but he preferred a vagabond, happy-go-lucky life, though it often entailed an empty stomach and an unfilled pipe, by the riverside. He was an accepted fact in the neighbourhood, and a favourite, and was accorded many privileges.

The police occasionally threatened to run him in, but it never happened, and in reality he was on good terms with them. He had saved more than one life from drowning, but on those occasions no pressman had been handy to chronicle the acts, and gratitude, and not always that, had been his only reward. When he had "cadged" the tobacco from Halward, he at once realised that he was a stranger and out of his element, and his curiosity had been aroused. Hence the cross-examination that Halward had been submitted to.

Halward's abruptness often served him well. It carried with it the conviction that he was speaking the truth. It had had this effect on Chickweed Joe. He believed him when he said that he was not a detective, and came to the conclusion that he was a rum 'un, but a gentleman who was on the square, and meant what he was saying, and was not "playin' no 'anky-panky games!" And this was, as a rule, the impression that Jack Halward conveyed to most people!

Chickweed Joe shuffled up closer to him. They were both standing now in the shadow of the buildings that ran at right angles to the parapet.

"Lookin' for someone, are yer?" he whispered. "And you offers me ten O.B., five for talkin' and five for 'oldin' my tongue! Crumbs! But if I was a gal, the last part 'ud be the 'ardest part o' the bargain. But I'm on! Wire a'ead, guv'nor!"

"First," said Halward, turning round, and resting his back against the parapet, so as to be in a position to observe anyone leaving the narrow passage down which Grimwood and his companion had passed, "first, what's the name of the place we're in now?"

"Why, Chequers' Row!"

"And what's this?" Halward indicated the buildings beside him.

"All part of Archer's wharf. Part o' this lot is let out to different coves for storin' and ware'ousin'. Jest round the corner there; there's a inlet, d'ye see, sort o' dividin' the wharf, so to speak, into two parts, a bridge goin' across."

"Nobody lives here?"

"Lives 'ere? No. There's an old cove wot acts as night watchman. 'Is pitch is on t'other side o' the bridge. Reckon 'e does more dossin' than watchin'!"

Halward became conscious that Chickweed Joe's bright eyes were upon him rather searchingly.

"All right," he said quietly, "I don't want to break into the place!"

"Never thought yer did! But wasn't yer thinkin' that this someone wot yer lookin' for might be in there? You ain't no crib-cracker, if I'm anythin' of a judge!"

"Thank you!" said Halward gravely, his sense of humour inwardly tickled.

"Oh, you needn't thank me. I knows a genelman when I 'its across one, and I ain't sayin' this on the strength o' yer bacca, nor the ten O.B. that's to come!"

The independent frankness, not the compliment, pleased Halward. He knocked some superfluous ash from his pipe.

"Does Bartholomew Boote, the second-hand furniture dealer whose shop is in Pinchbeck Lane, use this place for warehousing at all, do you know?"

"Yus!"

And then Joe remarked to himself that this rum cove was not so bloomin' ignorant about the neighbourhood after all.

Halward remained silent for a few moments, as he mentally put certain facts in order. Grimwood's stealthy visit to Boote's place; the words "I've run them to earth!" the two men's subsequent departure for the wharf; the boat that had shot out into the river! Yes, he believed now that Mrs. Marsh and her child were somewhere in hiding along the riverside. Again a feeling of horror stole over him, the dread that he might be too late. What was one little life when a fortune was at stake? He reproached himself now for not having got hold of a boat, by hook or by crook, and followed that other boat down stream, and chanced a fiasco. He wished to Heaven that Chickweed Joe, to whom the river was evidently an open book, had only turned up sooner.

"Strikes me that I'm a-goin' to earn that ten O.B. pretty easy, guv'nor! Ain't yer got no more questions to ask? I shall be ashamed to take yer money at this rate. If the tide was up, I'd get yer to chuck it in the water, and bring it up for yer in my teeth, jest to give yer a show for yer money!"

And Chickweed Joe, thrusting his hands into the pockets of the coat many sizes too big for him broke out into a double-shuffle again.

"Keep quiet," said Halward, "you haven't earned your money yet!"

"Right, colonel!"

Chickweed Joe came to a standstill, saluted sharply, and then stood at attention. In spite of the gravity of his thoughts, Halward's face relaxed into a smile. The fellow was irresistible. There was a charm about his irrepressible buoyancy.

"Is Boote a riverside man as well as a dealer in furniture?"

"Sort of, and a rare good waterman. 'E deals in other things beside furniture. Sometimes 'e'll go in with one or two other coves and buy up a damaged cargo, wot's goin' dirt cheap, or, maybe, an old barge for breakin' up purposes. Oh, 'e's a wide 'un, 'e is! 'E knows the trick o' turnin' a tanner into a bob. Others, such as me, know the trick the other way about—o' turnin' a bob into nothin'!"

Chickweed Joe drew close again.

"But, I say, wot's this got to do with the someone wot you're searchin' for? 'Ave yer got yer knife into Bart Boote?"

His voice had dropped to a very low, husky whisper. For a moment Halward hesitated. He was dealing with a stranger, and a strange character; but he himself was a shrewd judge of character. He was impressed with a genuineness about Chickweed Joe. And there was something in his whispered tone that suggested that he did not altogether love Boote. Halward determined not to beat about the bush. He would risk making a false step.

"Yes!" he answered abruptly.

Chickweed Joe pulled up his right coat sleeve—in its normal condition it covered his hand.

"Yer 'and, guv'nor!" he whispered, "same 'ere!"

There was intensity in the words, intensity in the hand-grip.

"Why?" said Halward.

He felt the bright eyes on his face.

"Guv'nor, you are straight! There ain't no 'ank about yer!"

"On my honour, yes!"

There was something absolutely convincing about the abrupt, tersely-spoken words. Halward's sincerity was transparent.

The methodic tramp of a policeman reached them; then a bull's-eye lantern flashed as the man turned the light up the passage used by Grimwood and his companion. A few moments later he turned the light into the corner where Halward and Chickweed Joe were standing.

"Now, then—oh, it's you, Joe, is it?"

"Yus, me and my pal are enjoyin' the night and a bit o' bacca!"

The policeman was satisfied, and, with a "good-night," moved on again.

Chickweed Joe executed a brief, silent double-shuffle.

"Reckon that, but for me, guv'nor, 'e'd 'ave wanted to know wot you were a-doin' of round 'ere. Me and the police gets on very comfortable together. Sometimes they have a remark to pass about my boko, which ain't set quite straight on my face; but they gets as much as they gives!"

"What's your quarrel with Boote?"

Chickweed Joe's manner changed.

"It's confidential between both on us?"

"Yes!"

"Mind yer, I ain't no proof, that's where it is; but I'm sure for all that! Mind yer, 'e's an uncrowned king in these 'ere parts. It generally goes 'ard with anyone that crosses 'is path!"

The gin-and-fog voice was very husky, very intense now. Then Chickweed Joe made a speaking trumpet of his hands, and whispered something in Halward's ear. Halward's strong face went hard. His hands tightened up.

"'E was only a little feller"—the husky voice was quivering now—"and it's some years ago, but me and 'im was pals. 'E was a timid sort, and you could see the life was bein' skeared out of 'im; but 'e'd never say a word, and then 'e was missin' and 'e was found, where most on 'em's found, among the piles o' Blacker's wharf. It was said 'e must 'ave fell in—but, I tell yer, I believes 'e took to the water 'cos life was unbearable, 'cos 'e was drove to it. I ain't no proof. It was a open verdict, but I believes Bart Boote made 'is poor little life sich a 'ell on earth that 'e went and did for 'is poor little self! Poor little feller, poor little feller!"

And Chickweed Joe drew a long sleeve across his eyes.

"I was only a kid at the time, guv'nor, but since then I've 'ated Bart Boote; but I wasn't a-goin' to give myself away to you at fust, not knowin' nothin' about yer. But look 'ere, you tell us wot's your game, and if yer wants someone to lend you a 'and against 'im, I'm yours!"

The irrepressible Chickweed Joe of a few moments before, who had been doing a double-shuffle, for a moment seemed a changed person.

Halward's eyes were glittering. The square jaw was hard set. There were moments when the plain face assumed a merciless expression. It was wearing that expression now. There was a scrunching sound. He had bitten through the stem of his pipe. Then, suddenly, he reeled. The old giddiness.

"What's up with yer?"

"Nothing! Not quite myself, that's all. Had rather a rough time of it, a little while ago. Occasional giddiness. It's passed. I'm all right."

He was steady again. He had made up his mind. He was going to take Chickweed Joe into his confidence. He would be worth a dozen Cayleys and private detectives. He would be on the spot. He knew the neighbourhood. He was not likely to arouse suspicion. Halward's intuition told him that he was to be relied on. If only his plannings were not all too late!

"Look here," he said. "I'm going to trust you—am going to ask you to work for me. I don't ask people to work for me for nothing. Now listen to what I'm going to say very carefully!"

"Right, colonel!" And Chickweed Joe saluted, and stood at attention. "Same time, I know a crib where we could talk more comfortable than 'ere!"

"No, I can't leave here."

"Right!"

Halward possessed the knack of brief, concise, if blunt expression. What he told Chickweed Joe was much the same as he had told Charbonel at Vilneux, with certain omissions of what he deemed unessential to the work he wanted Joe to do. The riverside ragamuffin, his big ears pricked up, drank in every word. Halward deemed it very essential to describe Reuben Grimwood.

"But this 'ere Mrs. Marsh," whispered Chickweed Joe excitedly, at the conclusion of the narrative. "Wot was she like?"

Halward recalled Madame Fauvel's description of her. He repeated it almost word for word.

"She was described to me as very pretty, dainty; but her face a little white, her blue eyes a little sad; but they laughed and smiled when she looked at her baby. Her hair was rippling and the colour of sunshine—that's what the French landlady told me; but she wasn't particularly communicative."

Chickweed Joe scratched his head.

"Sort o' general description that, ain't it? I mean to say a lot o' gals look like that, or, if they don't, they fancies they does! Blue eyes, fair 'air, pretty, sad-lookin', save when she's a-lookin' at the kid—that's wot it works out at. Right!"

He rapped himself on the side of his head with his knuckles as much as to say "That's tucked away in my knowledge box!" Then started a double-shuffle, and checked himself. It was from sheer excitement this time, not because he wished to cheer himself up. Then, going up very close to Halward, he started to whisper volubly. Halward, his arms folded, his broad back against the parapet, listened, and as he listened he came to the conclusion that he had made no mistake in taking Chickweed Joe into his confidence.

"If," whispered the riverside ragamuffin, "it ain't too late, and they've been smuggled somewheres below 'ere along the river, I reckon I shall find 'em for yer!"

Two o'clock struck. The two figures still stood in the shadow cast by the buildings that formed part of Archer's wharf.

The tide had turned.

"A boat a-comin' up!" whispered Chickweed Joe suddenly.

Halward swung round. The faint sound of sculls reached him.

"There it goes!" whispered Chickweed Joe, pointing.

Halward caught a momentary glimpse of a dark, gliding thing.

Reuben Grimwood and Bartholomew Boote had returned.

Halward was wrong when he suspected them of having visited some riverside haunt where Mrs. Marsh and her child had been smuggled.

All topics of interest to women are dealt with in the June LADY'S MAGAZINE.

They had come from Blacker's wharf—Blacker's wharf where, as Chickweed Joe had put it, the river had a way of carrying things, and leaving them there, too!

And they had found something, but not what they wanted! The wrong sex!

* * * * *

"Can you get me a brandy-and-soda, or soda will do—I've some brandy in my flask!"

The night porter of the Clarendon Hotel blinked his eyes and glanced at the clock. It was four o'clock.

"I'll see, sir!" he yawned.

Halward sank into a chair. He was looking frightfully tired, and, his soft hat off, and the strapping and the shaved portion of his head showing, uncompromisingly plain.

He drained down the drink that the porter succeeded in obtaining for him, then sought his room; but before he went to bed, he scribbled down some facts on paper.

"If only it's not too late!" he muttered once.

But, utterly weary as he was, sleep did not come to him at once. He tossed restlessly on his bed for some time.

"I hope to Heaven," he whispered out once, "that I wasn't brutal to her! I wish I could have it all over again. Someone that was ill was waiting for her! And she was so quick, and that confounded giddiness! But I'm a duffer where women are concerned. And she's a splendid creature really. Who the dickens am I to judge?"

He laughed a little sleepy, bitter laugh. He was a duffer where women were concerned.

When he fell asleep he was grinding his teeth. The horror that perhaps all his efforts were too late was the last thought in his mind before oblivion came!

CHAPTER XXX.

Flash Meg Makes a Second Mistake.

AFTER darting away from Halward, Flash Meg, scarcely knowing what she was doing, guided by instinct rather than reason, made her way through the network of slums in which she had taken refuge, round to Hillyer's Row. Her heart was filled with a pain that threatened to break it. Once in her little combined room, she cast her great hat from her, and, sinking on the bed, covered her face with her hands and rocked to and fro.

For the time, Grace and the little one away at Wallen Green were forgotten. The same sounding cry that had whispered out when she had raised her head and realised that it was the man she loved whom she had robbed, now and again broke the stillness of the room! His words were ringing in her ears. They had not been reproachful. He had seemed to her more splendid than ever. Had he reproached her, she could perhaps have borne it better. She would have flared up perhaps, retorted, defied him!

"God meant you to play a strong, good part in the world!"

She repeated the words mechanically. Why had she run away from him? Why had she not tried to justify, in some measure at least, her conduct? For a moment a bitter feeling of regret stole over her; then the wilful, desperate pride that was part of her character reasserted itself, and with it the old sense of the hopelessness of it all. She did not attempt to reason what had brought him to Pinchbeck Lane; but she recalled the haggard, worn look on his face, and told herself that he was ailing, that this was the reason of the seeming drunkenness that had deceived her!

Oh, it was all like a nightmare! She rocked more violently to and fro on the bed; then, rising up, she took from a drawer the amber-coloured scarf. She kissed it, almost fiercely. And with the kiss, came a torrent of blinding tears. He had not known when he had given it to her; he knew now! She conjured up the past—the little tea-party in Liza's caravan. Her subsequent meetings with him in the fair, and that glorious time when he had stood by while she had thrown at the cocoa-nuts! But he knew now! A homely incident, perhaps, it was, that episode at Rushford fair, in the blaze of the naphtha lights, and the hoarse-voiced men in striped jerseys shouting "'Ere you are! Three shies a penny! Pitch, bowl, or roll, all on 'em milky 'uns!"; but to Flash Meg the glamour of romance was over it all. He had been by her side!

It would furnish opportunity to paint a more effective word-picture had Flash Meg been some young, dainty society girl, sitting, not in a little combined room, but in some elegant boudoir, recalling a dimly-lighted conservatory, odorous with the perfume of exotics, the strains of music floating in, and someone beside whispering; but love will burn as fiercely beneath a crude-coloured blouse as beneath chiffoned fripperies, and love will gild a common cocoa-nut shy as brightly as your perfumed conservatory.

But it was all over now, and he knew her to be what she was! But the memories of what had gone before could not be taken from her. Her ideal stood higher and on a firmer base than before!

She dashed the scalding tears from her eyes; then took from the drawer the card bearing Halward's name, and the address of his club—the one that had been folded in the amber-coloured scarf. She hesitated. Her lips quivered. Should she just write a little note to him, telling him that she was a bad lot, but not quite so bad as she must seem to him, and ask him not to think too badly of her?

Her hands tightened round the card. She flung back her head proudly, with something of defiance in her movement. Her eyes flashed through their veil of tears.

No! Again the wilful spirit of pride and independence mastered her. She would not plead with him for herself, try to gain his compassionate pity!

"God meant you to play a strong, good part in the world!"

She loved him for those words! But they had been spoken too late!

She laughed—oh, the heartache, the bitterness in that laugh! And the ring might have been an echo of the laugh that, later that night, Halward gave as, leaning on the parapet of Chequers Row, he told himself that he was an awful duffer where women were concerned!

It was a desperate laugh. She looked at herself in the glass. Her eyes were red and swollen. Her colour gone. Her mind harked away to Grace and the little one. She would force herself to forget the man she loved. She would work for the poor helpless little woman and her child!

"God meant you to play a strong, good part in the world!"

She thrust her fingers into her ears. Too late! She would play her part in the world her own way—the old way!

It did not matter now!

She would go to the Myrmidons' Club that night. Again she glanced at her face in the glass. She must look different from that! She would do a thing that she had never done before. She put her great hat on her beautifully poised head and went out. Her destination was a chemist's shop. When she came back, she brought with her violet powder and rouge. A momentary flush of crimson flamed through the paint she put upon her cheeks; then died away, leaving only the sham. Then she donned her most garish, flashy clothes.

When all was done, she glanced again at herself in the glass, and saw a painted woman!

"God help you, Flash Meg!" she whispered, with a little hysterical laugh, "but it's no use going there with a white face and red eyes!"

Once again she pressed the amber-coloured scarf to her burning lips; then, snatching up a scent bottle, dashed some perfume over herself, and hurried from the room.

Outwardly she had degraded herself.

She passed her old landlady in the passage.

"Oh, missie, you're looking something beautiful to-night!" croaked the old woman. "A pleasant time to you, missie. You've got your latchkey, I 'ope!"

She sprang into the first hansom she encountered.

It would be late, very late before she would be able to get to Wallen Green; but the nurse was with Grace, and would be awake, and able to let her in.

"At all events," she whispered, "she won't know how the money was got. I'll take good care of that!"

A light burnt in the back of the cab. She caught a glimpse of herself in one of the little mirrors. Again a crimson flush flamed through the paint and powder.

"Lord! How I hate the sight of myself to-night!" she hissed.

The cab drew up outside the Myrmidons' Club.

Flash Meg passed in. Sounds of riotous laughter assailed her ears, and the music of harp and fiddles, and the swish and gliding sounds of dancers.

A few moments later, and she was in the thick of it, reckless, dare-devil, and desperate!

Someone asked her to dance, and she danced with a wild, abandoned grace!

Champagne was suggested, and she drank it!

She seemed to be possessed of a kind of frenzy, as though she were bent on doing her uttermost to outrage her own self-respect, or were seeking forgetfulness!

Then her chance came. There was a quarrel. A few fierce words; then two men were fighting. A crowd gathered round, hustling, pushing, swaying with the fighting men. She had marked down her prey! She had seen banknotes, and where they were carried!

Perhaps it was that her nerves were unstrung, or she was over-excited.

But she bungled!

It was her second mistake!

The man swung round, his face flushed with drink! He caught hold of her brutally.

"You've got my case, my notes! You jade, I'm going to give you in charge!"

(To be continued.)

What a Barber Sees.

Clean-Shaven Men should be both Good and Handsome.

"IN the good old days," said a West-end barber to *P.W.* the other day, "nobody was in a hurry. A man took all day for a bath and a hair-cut, and expected entertainment thrown in with the towels and the lather. In those days the barber talked to kill time, but nowadays time kills all talk.

"Smooth faces are on the increase. A man cannot keep his secrets behind a smooth face, and it is a mystery to me, therefore, why nearly everybody is shaving, seeing that half the world is laying itself out to cheat the other half. A beard covers unpleasant-looking facial lines, an agreeable fact which ought to fit in with the tastes of the majority of business men, but it doesn't, somehow.

"A clean-shaven man is usually good and handsome. That has always been my experience. But the man who has the right to a smooth face is he with a fine, strong chin and clean-cut lips and good teeth and honest eyes; on the other hand, men with receding chins and weak upper lips and projecting teeth and ugly lines at the corner of the mouth ought to be required by law to grow either a moustache or beard, or both. A few years ago it was only actors and waiters, coachmen and footmen, who affected the shaven face, but the present universal fashion no doubt took root some years ago when barristers first commenced to shave."

◆

PASSENGER: "Hi! guard! My hat's blown off. I shall catch my death of cold."

Guard: "Better not. You're running at a penny a mile now; but it's a shilling a mile for defuncts!"

◆

A PURCHASER of a riverside property asked the estate agent if the river did not sometimes overflow its banks.

"Well," responded he, "it isn't one of those sickly streams that are always confined to their beds."

◆

COUNTRYMAN (to furniture dealer): "I want to git a bed an' a mattress."

Dealer: "Yes, sir; spring bed and spring mattress, sir?"

Countryman: "No, I want the kind that kin be used all the year round."

THE FATE OF OLD LINERS.

They are not Broken up but are Sold to Foreigners.

FOREIGN shippers have a great regard for vessels constructed in Britain, and those that have been discarded by their owners are eagerly snapped up by small foreign lines.

For instance, the Red Star Line was very partial to old Cunarders, and it was only quite recently that a collision took place between the Red Star liner *Waesland* and the *Harmonides* off the coast of Anglesey, when the former was sunk. The former was the old Cunarder *Russia*, launched in 1867, which carried the mails at one time, and was sold to the Red Star people in 1881, when her length was increased from 370ft. to 435ft.

Another Cunarder which also carried the mails at the same time as the *Russia* was the slightly older paddle-wheel steamer *Scotia*, which was sold to a submarine cable-laying company; she accomplished much good work in this direction, and might often have been seen in the Thames a few years ago.

A very large number of liners are sold to foreigners for one purpose or another; Italian shipbuilding firms belonging to Genoa and other ports break them up for the special purpose of using the old plates, angle irons, and other metal work in the construction of new vessels, as the British material is better and costs less than that manufactured in Italy.

Indian merchants and Chinese traders are partial to old British passenger steamers. Small syndicates of Parsee merchants belonging to Bombay purchase quite a number of the smaller vessels belonging to the P. and O. and other lines in order to use them in coasting traffic; others, again, may be found trading between Chinese and Japanese ports, or even in South American waters.

In the earlier days of steamships, it was not unusual for the engines to be taken out and sails substituted as a motive power, so that more space could be devoted to cargo. The famous old *Great Western* had quite a long career as a fast clipper, and might even have been sailing still had she not been wrecked on one of the Falkland Isles.

Another vessel which ended her active service in the Pacific was the original *Oceanic*, which traded between America and Australia, after being withdrawn from the Atlantic. She was finally broken up at Liverpool early in 1899. Now the White Star *Germanic*, which has done such good work during the past quarter of a century, is also to be transferred to the Pacific.

Governments find that liners make good transports, as our own Admiralty discovered during the recent war, although, in this instance, the vessels have only been chartered, and will return to their own work now that hostilities are at an end. During the troubles in Cuba, Spain bought quite a number of well-known passenger steamers. For some time the North German Lloyd ships, *Werra* and *Fulda*, carried troops between Havana and Spain, before being sold to the Canadian Pacific Railway.

It will also be remembered that the Spanish Government bought the Hamburg-American *Columbia* during the war with the States. After spending much time in aimlessly steaming up and down the Mediterranean as a collier, she remained idle until bought back by her original owners.

The most famous example of an Atlantic flyer which became a troopship is the old Guion liner *Arizona*, the original "Greyhound of the Atlantic"; for some months she has been carrying troops between 'Frisco and Manila under the name of the *Hancock*. Another record-breaker belonging to the same company, the *Alaska*, is still known under her old name, but she will probably soon be a name only, as a Liverpool firm has just bought her with the intention of breaking her up.

For the past year or so she has been acting as a sort of workmen's barracks at Barrow. While Messrs. Vickers, Sons and Maxim were building a large number of cottages on Walney Island for the accommodation of their ever-increasing number of men, some 400 unmarried employés were housed on board her, but now that she is no longer required for the purpose she has been sold.

A large number of liners lose their identity in consequence of their names being changed for one reason or another. There is the old White Star *Celtic* which became the *Amerika* when sold to the Thingvalla Line (Danish), while now that the American Line have decided to name all their ships after an American city, the two Atlantic ferry-boats which won fame as the *City of New York* and *City of Paris* are known as the *New York* and *Philadelphia* respectively. The North German Lloyd passenger steamer now sailing as the *Hohenzollern* earned a reputation for comfort as the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, and several others of the same company are at present called by names other than those with which they were christened.

British shipbuilding is justly renowned for its high quality, and if one took the trouble to trace the fate of famous vessels, it would be found that dozens which were once household words, just as are the *Campania*, *Oceanic*, and *Deutschland* at the present time, are now earning good money for their owners as coasting traders, passenger steamers in some out-of-the-way corner of the world, or as ocean tramps carrying cargo. Liners may be lost sight of, but it by no means follows that they have been broken up.

Remember "Coronation Monday"; for 9d means one day's happiness for one child
Fresh Air Fund

FAMOUS SCHOOL MUTINIES.

When Boys have Rebelled, and Soldiers Been Called in to Keep them in Order.

The recent stuffing up with plaster of Paris of the keyholes of the class-rooms at Eton College, was a rather more serious matter than has been generally supposed.

Nothwithstanding threats of punishment and the stoppage of all leave last "half," it was found impossible to identify the culprits. Eventually the affair became a trial of strength between the school authorities and the scholars, and things were fast assuming a serious aspect, when two of the ringleaders confessed.

One of the guilty ones was about to leave, and no punishment could, therefore, be inflicted. The other was expelled. So ended, more or less happily, what was fast becoming an impossible situation, and one fraught with grave danger to the grand old school.

The words "grave danger" are used advisedly. For such incidents, experience has proved, constitute severe strains upon discipline. On even less provocation in the past, Eton has broken into open mutiny. Indeed, the "Great Rebellion," as it has got to be called in the school annals, was occasioned by a comparatively trivial curtailment of liberty.

The masters claimed the right of sending back to the college sixth-form boys found out of "bounds," and the sixth-form boys objected. This was the crux of the matter. Afterwards other side issues were introduced. But the upshot of the whole affair was that some 160 boys, mostly belonging to the sixth, fifth, and fourth forms, broke bounds, flung their schoolbooks into the Thames, and played truant as far as Maidenhead.

ETON'S "GREAT REBELLION."

Arrived there, they partook of a sumptuous banquet at a hotel, the bill for which is still extant. Among the items are 160 dinners at 5s. a head, £40; beer, £2 1s.; wine and punch, £12 13s. 3d.; fires, £1; and cards 4s.

The mutineers had intended making for London, but the next morning some of the cooler heads suggested a return to Eton with a view to arranging a truce. This was done, but the floggings and expulsions which followed still more exasperated the lads, many of whom ran away to their parents. Nor did the affair end here. Discontent and insubordination continued rife, and culminated some five years later, in yet another rebellion. The chief feature of this latter mutiny in miniature was the seizure and destruction of the flogging-block by the mutineers.

Very deliberately planned was the great uprising of the Marlborough College boys. The evening of November 5th was the time appointed by the leaders for throwing restraint to the winds, and avenging their wrongs upon the masters; the signal to be the firing of a rocket.

DESKS BURNT AT MARLBOROUGH.

Everything came off as had been arranged. Thousands of squibs and crackers had been laid in, and these were let off everywhere inside the school buildings as well as outside. The racquet court was fired. The desks, forms, punishment-registers, and flogging blocks were dragged out into the quadrangle and burnt. Several of the masters were assaulted. And the gate-porter, a man named Peviar, who was specially obnoxious to the malcontents, was fought and soundly thrashed by the "cock" of the school.

Rugby's "Great Rebellion"—strange is it that practically all our foremost public schools cherish the memory of at least one of these lawless uprisings—began with the undeserved flogging of one boy, and ended in the deserved flogging of some scores. The first overt act of war was the explosion of a petard, which blew one of the massive college gates off its hinges. This was the pre-arranged signal for hostilities. Forthwith, small boys, mounted on big boys' shoulders, broke the school windows through the projecting latticework. Then all the boys began to lug out desks and benches, and tear down wainscoting from the walls, the fragments being afterwards piled in the centre of the Close, and set fire to.

SOLDIERS CALLED TO RUGBY.

In terrible alarm the headmaster sent for help, and in response to his summons a troop of soldiers arrived. By that time, however, the mutineers had occupied the Island and raised the drawbridge. Here, for a while, they bade defiance to the enemy; but, eventually, while the masters engaged the garrison in parley, some of the soldiers stole round by the rear, and wading across the moat, drawn swords in hand, took the whole party prisoners. The subsequent wholesale floggings, it is said, were of so severe a nature, that those who were expelled, and they were many, had reason to congratulate themselves.

Another Rugbeian mutiny, or something which was perilously akin to one, was nipped in the bud owing to the firmness of the great Dr. Arnold. A keeper had been assaulted, and ducked in the Avon, and the school was called together for identification purposes. As soon as the lads realised what was in the wind, a terrific tumult arose, the whole of the boys, as if by a preconcerted signal, commencing to yell, bang desk lids, and make every conceivable kind of noise.

The result was a pandemonium, and never probably were Arnold's powers of ruling put to so severe a test. Even the praeposters were against him, and, instead of trying to still the tumult, walked up and down the big school calling out "S-s-s-s-ilen-c-ce!" In the end the doctor singled out five of the ringleaders and expelled them there and then, and order reigned once more.

Civil war reigned at Harrow over the appointment of Dr. Heath to the headmastership; the chief, if not, indeed, the only grievance, being that he was an Eton man. The rebellion ran the usual course; rioting, wrecking of college property, followed by collapse, floggings, and expulsions galore. A picturesque incident was the destruction of Dr. Bucknall's carriage. The mutineers began by throwing stones at it, and ended by drawing it down the hill to Roxeth Common, where they completely demolished it.

Radley's one and only "rebellion" was somewhat of a fiasco. Nevertheless, it was carefully planned, and well thought out. The signal for the outbreak of hostilities was to have been an attack on the personal dignity of the then freshly appointed warden, Dr. Sewell. It used to be the custom for each new warden to read a sort of "speech from the throne" to the assembled scholars, the "throne" being a large and very heavy armchair, which was ostentatiously placed in position for this occasion only on a sort of dais at the top of the school.

RADLEY'S TRICK ON THE MASTER'S CHAIR.

The legs of this chair were sawn through by two of the ringleaders, and then cunningly joined together with weak glue; the intention being, of course, that Dr. Sewell, who was a portly man, should collapse as soon as he sat down. Then were to follow "ructions."

But either on account of "information received" from some traitor in the camp of the rebels, or because of the preternatural acuteness which the perils of a schoolmaster's life are apt to engender, Dr. Sewell seems to have become aware of the conspiracy, and never sat down at all, or, at least, not in that chair. Nevertheless, from that day to this the Wardens of Radley have always addressed the boys standing.

Rossall, Radley's old-time rival, had a similar experience, a plot to rise and "break bounds" on a certain day being frustrated owing to a like leakage. The traitors were supposed to have belonged to one of the upper forms; and, in revenge, some of the juniors cut off one night the buttons from the tops of every peak cap in the school. This strange happening, according to one who was actually in residence in Rossall at the time, produced a panic comparable only to that created in ancient Athens by the mutilation of the Hermæ.

RIOT ACT READ AT WINCHESTER.

The masters called a sort of "cabinet-council," and "sentries" were posted. Notwithstanding all precautions, however, the headmaster's house was raided by a band of malcontents, cake and wine partaken of, and a stock of good things carried off. The bulk of these latter were afterwards found concealed in a cave in the sea wall, which constituted the mutineers' trysting place.

No public school in England, however, can show so turbulent a record as Winchester. At least three great organised mutinies have occurred there, the first, and most serious, very nearly ending in bloodshed. The malcontents armed themselves with pistols and knives, and vowed to burn down the entire building if an amnesty were not promised them. Affrighted and despairing, the masters called for a company of soldiers from the barracks, and these, although they were roughly handled at first, succeeded in the end in restoring order.

On another occasion it was deemed necessary to read the Riot Act—fancy reading the Riot Act to a mob of obstreperous schoolboys—and to order the military to fix bayonets. But again bloodshed was avoided, although more owing to the self-restraint of the leaders of the mutiny, than to the forbearance of the soldiers.

◆

A lawyer went to bathe, and encountered a huge shark. Their eyes met for an instant, then the shark blushed, and swam away.

◆

"The vane on the church steeple says the wind is East."

"Well, that is pretty high authority."

◆

He: "Oh, that you would let me lay my burning heart at your feet!"

She: "You may; they are very cold."

◆

Clara: "Jack intends to have everything his own way when we are married."

Clara's Mamma: "Then why will you marry him?"

Clara: "To relieve his mind of a false impression."

◆

"Don't you have any servants at all to keep this hotel clean? My room is in a fearfully dirty condition," complained the victim of the summer hotel "ad."

"That is the fault of the wind!" declared the proprietor blandly. "You know we advertise: 'Swept by ocean breezes'!"

CURLS AND PEARLS FOR JUNE.

What you must Wear on Coronation Day.

The chief objection to the silk hat is its glossy surface, so easily ruffled by the merest touch, and ruined by a shower of rain. The bowler, the other hat in common use among men, is obnoxious mainly through its ugly and unbecoming shape. By way of improving matters, one of the latest moulders of fashions for men has set to work to combine the two hats, and has produced a form of headgear with all the ugly shape of the bowler and with the objectionable surface of the "topper." And this atrocity is being placed upon the market as a Coronation fashion.

Fortunately, all the fashions for this coming summer are not quite so hideous as the one just described. Grey frock coats, for instance, will certainly be the proper thing for men, and white slips within the collar of the waistcoat will be more popular than ever before. The waist of the new frock coat will be short and the skirts rather long.

But it is ungallant to begin an article on Coronation fashions with men's attire. In any case the mere man's clothes do not alter much from year to year. The very newest feature of the year is already in evidence in smart Society, and will soon, no doubt, find its way through all classes. This is the Alexandra curl, which was originally a fancy of Queen Alexandra at her first coming to England in the sixties, as a bride. When in evening dress, she wore one curl dangling over her left shoulder.

The fashion was revived in a small degree two years ago in America, owing to the heroine of a popular novel so wearing her hair. Many great ladies are now assiduously cultivating the Alexandra curl.

The Queen's example is also being widely followed in the matter of fabrics for ladies' dresses. English made, embroidered crêpes, silks, and velvets are in great request, and it is proposed that peeresses shall wear their armorial bearings or those of their husbands worked on their Coronation robes.

On the day of her coronation the Queen will wear everything new, down to the smallest item of her apparel. This is a fashion which will be imitated by many. "New Clothes Clubs" have been started in some of the poorer parts of London, to enable working men's wives and daughters to prepare for Coronation Day.

This fashion is in curious contradiction to that which prevailed at the coronation of Queen Victoria, when it was quite the thing for peers and peeresses to attend in robes that had done duty for generations, and were, in some cases, so old and dilapidated that they would scarcely hang together.

The Queen's own preference was to wear white at the ceremony, but the proverbial ill-luck attending white when worn by Royalty in this country has induced her to abandon it for Royal purple. This colour is, however, not having the same run that it had in Jubilee year. The colour known as Royal scarlet is a much greater favourite, though an immense number of men's ties are being made of bright purple silks.

A curious novelty is to be seen in the King's Coronation robes. The stuff they will be made of is plain, instead of, as usual, having woven into it figures of eagles.

Everything about the coming ceremony will be magnificent to a degree, but in costliness and beauty the new fashions in jewellery are unsurpassed. Pearls are the fashionable stone this year. The result of this is that there is an actual famine in the pearl market. A pearl which fetched £50 a year ago brings £70 to £80 now.

The prices of really fine pearls are surprisingly large. One four-rowed necklace recently brought from Paris to London is valued at £60,000. It is said that at present there are being raised 86,000 pearl oysters a day, yet the demand is nearly double the supply.

Although the King has specially requested that ladies attending the Coronation celebrations shall not wear diamonds in the hair, yet, next to pearls, diamonds are the fashion this year. They are worn in an entirely new form.

Collars made entirely of diamonds are quite the latest fashion; they are in new and beautiful designs, loops and trellis patterns. The most beautiful are set, not in gold, but in platinum, a metal which adds lustre to the glorious shimmer of the brilliants. Another jewellery fashion of this year is the wearing by ladies of their husbands' crests modelled in precious stones. These are used both as brooches and hair ornaments. The stones are made so far as possible to represent the heraldic colours which belong by right to their wearers.

Fourteen million lily of the valley bulbs, representing nearly ten times that number of blooms, were ordered early this year from one bulb grower for the Coronation.

The plants are being kept in cold houses to retard the opening of blooms. The lily of the valley and the rose are fashion's decree for the Coronation. Everyone will be wearing them. For table decorations scarlet and gold are to be the thing. Yellow daisies and scarlet geraniums will be in great demand to produce the requisite effect.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie, the well-known explorer, contributes an article on "Should Women Ride Astride?" to the June LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MOTOR FIRE ENGINES.

P.W. Is Treated to the First London Trial Trip of Merryweather's New Invention.

The production of a really workable motor fire engine has been delayed so many years, owing to the non-discovery of an ideal liquid fuel system. Hitherto, a motor fire engine could only have been got into working order by means of a coal fire, which must have taken eight or ten minutes to light up. Now, by means of a gas contact, keeping the water in the boiler and the vapouriser of the petroleum in a permanent state of warmth, it is possible to get the engine equipped and in motion within the space of half a minute.

Further, the maintenance of horses at fire stations costs from 30s. to 35s. per week, as they must be kept continually feeding, and ready for action twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four, while a man has to be paid to look after them. All this expense will be avoided when the motor fire engine is adopted, as the mechanical work necessary can all be executed by the engineer on the station.

In the middle of the vast area of the works at Greenwich, stood the latest prodigy. No small amount of curiosity was shown in its movements by the employés of the firm, many of whom were veterans, and this, the first journey of the motor fire engine, was regarded as somewhat of a historical event by the spectators.

There were a few hasty, anxious puffs on the part of the engine, followed by a miniature shower of spray, and myself and several of Merryweather's staff glided slowly out of the yard.

Generally speaking, the speed we maintained was about ten to twelve miles an hour. It is almost impossible to run faster than this in the London streets without damage.

At Clapham we utilised a water cart for the purpose of filling our tanks—the first time I have ever felt any real obligation to a water cart. Otherwise Kingston was reached under circumstances lacking in any other excitement than that of an ordinary motor-car.

Getting to work in the event of a fire will also be accelerated by the motor engine, as it not only propels, but also pumps the water. Directly the engine stops at the burning house, a man couples two nuts underneath the engine, and the connection is made for the pumping to proceed.

A motor fire engine can run five or six miles without replenishing its power, a considerable advance on the durability of the horse.

Cultivate this Faculty.

How very few people can properly judge the distance from one point to another, even the length of a street! And the same remark applies, perhaps in a less degree to the sense of direction. To illustrate what is here meant, suppose a man blindfolded and walking the length of a street he knows well; we will assume that he guides himself by keeping a stick against the kerb. In all probability, he will fancy that he is at the end when he is only half-way. This proves that he has no real idea of the distance he has hitherto known when he was at the end of the street only because he could *see* that he was!

This explains why people lose their way in the darkness or—more especially—in a fog. They always depend solely on their sense of vision, and, deprived of that, they are at a loss. They can judge neither distance nor direction with any approach to accuracy. On the whole, this sense—or "bump," or whatever you choose to call it—is worth cultivating.

◆

Before marrying for money we should remember that rich things are apt to disagree with us.

◆

"Are you fond of fiction, darling?"

"Yes; but don't tell me I'm the only girl you have ever loved!"

◆

Query.—When somebody wishes to blacken somebody else's character by uttering dark hints about him, wouldn't he begin by carefully pitching his voice?

◆

Mrs. A.: "Does your husband believe in corporal punishment in the household?"

Mrs. B.: "Only to a certain point. He's always whipping the children, but he thinks the dust should be got out of the carpet by moral suasion."

◆

Her Irate Parent (to youth who has tarried late of an evening): "Young man, do you know that it is past eleven o'clock?"

The Tarrying Youth: "Yes, sir. But she has been sitting on my hat for the past two hours, and I didn't want to tell her."

Irate Parent: "Then hereafter don't keep your hat on your lap. Hang it on the peg in the hall."

PASS IT ON

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
It was not made for you alone,
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it dry another's tears,
Till in Heav'n the deed appears,
Pass it on.

Such is one of the verses of a poem by an American author, and if you have a minute to spare give its lines a little thought. Have you gone through this world from cradle to the position you at present occupy without having had one little kindness shown you, one kind word addressed to you, or known the value of a tender action by some sympathetic friend, when by care or worry you were depressed and needed such a word to cheer you on your way.

I sincerely trust that none of the readers of *P.W.* may have lacked any of these, but alas! how many are there in this island of ours who, through no fault of their own, have never known what kindness is. Cradled in want, they live in poverty. Poor little helpless and infirm waifs. Day by day they grow—older, but scarcely bigger—stunted alike in body and soul.

Yet these children are not by any means unappreciative. The only thing is they seldom, if ever, get anything to appreciate. What would a handful of buttercups be to you, who could purchase a rose? Nothing. But these same simple, little-thought-of, and maybe, rejected flowers would be to these little slum children as priceless and handsome a treasure as the rarest of rare orchids would be to an enthusiastic collector.

Put yourself in the place of one of the children, and try, if you can, to imagine what would be your delight if suddenly you were lifted from out the wretched, smoke-laden alley, and placed in the midst of an immense field, green with grass, dotted by daisies, and the air fragrant with the perfume of the hawthorn's pretty bloom.

We can't buy the children's delight, but we can help to let them see the country. With ninepence you can buy for one child a day's happiness, a day's food, a life's memories.

Give your past a little thought. If there are any kindnesses which have terminated in you, now is your time to "pass them on." Ninepence will send them again rippling, rolling on.

Next Monday is Fresh Air Fund "Coronation Monday," when everyone is asked to send at least a shilling to swell the Fund; If you have a shilling—pass it on!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

KUTNOW'S POWDER.

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Derangement of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, Influenza, Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, and Uric Acid Troubles.

TRIAL COSTS NOTHING.

Read what "The Medical Journal" published last December concerning KUTNOW'S POWDER.

"THE MEDICAL JOURNAL," Dec., 1901, says:

"Lithemic or uric acid storms manifest themselves very disagreeably in severe nose and throat affections and colds in the winter seasons. Most of these troubles can be traced to disorders of digestion, assimilation, secretion, excretion, and elimination. If our food be properly digested and the adipose matter promptly eliminated, there would be by far fewer cases of colds and coughs. The kidneys, the liver, and in fact all organs of the abdominal cavity, have to be kept in good working order, like the mechanism of a good clock, therefore the main object of the physician is to keep the inner organs free from all toxicants produced by faulty metabolism. Nothing is so highly recommended for that purpose and unanimously endorsed and prescribed by the medical authorities of the present age as KUTNOW'S Improved Effervescent POWDER, of which the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, in his decisive and positive mode of expressing his opinions, wrote: 'I have tried it, and find that it answers particularly well.' And Dr. Ewald, the great stomach specialist, said: 'Its advantages appear to arise from its possessing the power to eliminate from the body the excess of bile and acids, thereby purifying the blood and strengthening the general tone by improving the assimilative processes of the debilitated system.'"

Cut out the Coupon, fill in your name and address, place it in an open envelope bearing a half-penny stamp, drop it in the nearest pillar-box, and by return you will receive a Free Sample of KUTNOW'S POWDER, which eliminates all disease germs from the system and thus ensures perfect health.

DISEASE GERMS DESTROYED

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

See that the name KUTNOW is printed on each Carton in which the bottle is packed. Only these ensure genuineness.

There are Fraudulent Imitations.

BEWARE OF THEM!!!

A FREE & POST-PAID SAMPLE OF KUTNOW'S POWDER

Will be sent to any person filling up this Form, and sending the same to S. KUTNOW & Co. Ltd., 41 Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

Name ....

Address ....

"Pearson's Weekly." ....

KUTNOW'S POWDER

can be obtained from all Chemists and Medicine Stores at 2s. 9d. per bottle, or sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom direct from Kutnow's London Offices for 3s. To all foreign parts the usual postal rates must be added.

PERFECT HEALTH ENSURED.

Proprietors: S. KUTNOW & CO. Ltd., 41 FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, E.C. Proprietors in U.S.A.: Kutnow Bros. Ltd., 853 Broadway, New York.

Home Notes Page
GM

Isobel will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES PAGE.

To Soften Water for Toilet Use. Keep a lump of rough fuller's earth in your water ewer, empty it out once a week and put fresh fuller's earth.

To Open Oyster Shells Easily. Just place the oysters on the warm kitchen stove for a second, then insert the knife between the thin portion of the shell, and it will open easily. (*Thanks to* MRS. A. R.)

To Clean Gilt Frames. Sponge with a mixture of half a pint of water, two ounces of common salt, an ounce and a half of alum, and two ounces of purified nitre. This will make them wonderfully clean and bright. (*Reply to* GILLON.)

To Whiten the Hands. Mix thoroughly two ounces of eau de Cologne, two ounces of lemon juice, six ounces of powdered brown Windsor soap. When hard it will be an excellent soap for whitening the hands. (*Reply to* PELPS.)

To Wash White Coral. Soak the coral in soft water for twelve hours, then place it in a solution of chloride of lime, and let it remain for twenty-four hours. The solution must completely cover the coral. Take it out and wash thoroughly under a tap. After this process, set the coral in the sun to bleach. (*Reply to* R. O. G.)

Ginger Brandy. Secure a quart of good French brandy, steep in it one pound of raisins, the very thin rind of a lemon, and three-quarters of an ounce of bruised ginger; add one pound of caster sugar and, when that is dissolved, if the taste of ginger is sufficiently strong, strain off the brandy through blotting paper and keep for some time before using. (*Reply to* STREATHAM.)

An Inexpensive Frying Batter is made as follows: Weigh out a quarter of a pound of flour, place in a basin and moisten it with a gill of tepid water, working till you have a smooth paste; add a pinch of salt and a tablespoonful of best salad oil. Work all with a wooden spoon, season to taste. Beat up two or three whites of eggs to a stiff froth and add to the batter. Stand for an hour and whip up again before using. (*Reply to* ELAINE.)

Fruit and Rice make a good dish at this time of year. Boil some rice in milk till it is cooked and very thick. Place a layer of the rice in a pie-dish, then a layer of stewed fruit rather highly sweetened. Add another layer of the rice and scatter breadcrumbs over the top. Put little pieces of butter on this and bake till a golden colour. A deep pie-dish may be used for this, and several layers of both fruit and rice put in.

Tomato Chutney can be made when the fruit is in any state of ripeness, green, yellow, or red. Slice two pounds of tomatoes with four large apples. Place these in a stew-pan with half a pint of vinegar, two onions stuck with cloves, a small piece of whole ginger (bruised), a dozen peppercorns, five chillies and small clove of garlic. Let all simmer together till the apples and tomatoes are soft. Then take out the onions and place the chutney in perfectly dry bottles. (*Reply to* HIGH GROVE.)

A Distinct Novelty in Blouses. In HOME NOTES this week you will see a sketch of a tucked blouse which can be made in three hours, at the cost of 2s. There is also a diagram given showing how to place the pattern upon the material, and full directions for making it. It is suitable for tennis, boating, seaside, or ordinary wear, and may be made of almost any material which is twenty-seven inches or fifty-two inches wide, such as cotton, sateen, washing silk, or any woollen materials. The pattern can be obtained from Isobel's Pattern Department for the small sum of 6½d., and if you wish for a copy of the little paper containing directions, etc., you should order it at once, as the demand for it is sure to be great. Price one penny weekly.

Very Dirty Brass should be washed with hot water and plenty of soda, and should then be scoured with paraffin and whiting before it is touched with any brass polish.

To Clean Decanters. Fill them with finely chopped potato skins, cork tightly and let the decanters stand for three days, when the skins will ferment. Turn out and rinse. The bottles should be as bright and clean after this as when new. (*Reply to* KATE.)

Heliotrope Sachet Powder is one of the best I know, and gives a delicious scent to clothing. Make it as follows: Half a pound of orris root, quarter of a pound of ground rose leaves, two ounces of powdered tonquin beans, half a grain of musk, and two drops of essence of almonds. (*Reply to* SCOTT.)

To Remove Stains on Linen use salts of lemon as directed with each packet sold. Perfectly boiling water must be used for it, and the articles rinsed directly in plenty of water. All stains on linen will yield to this treatment if promptly treated. (*Reply to* HANFARD AND HUTTON.)

To Clean Leghorn Hats. Stir one teaspoonful of powdered sulphur into the juice of a lemon. Brush this mixture well into the hat with a tooth-brush, and when quite clean place it under the tap and let water run over it to free it from the sulphur. Dry in the air out of the sun. (*Reply to* MITCHELL.)

Convert Sour Beer into Vinegar. The beer must first be cleansed with isinglass dissolved in some of the sour beer. When perfectly dissolved it should be beaten up with a whisk, and more sour beer added until it forms a froth. This should then be poured into a cask, and the contents thoroughly stirred up with a long stick. Half an ounce of isinglass will be sufficient for a firkin of beer. (*Reply to* E. BROOKE.)

An Easy Way to Clean Knives. Take a small piece of old Brussels carpet, sprinkle it with either Bath brick or emery powder, and slightly moisten it with methylated spirit, then double it and rub the knives backwards and forwards, using the left hand to steady the carpet; after a few passes the knives will have acquired a good polish. Then wipe with a soft cloth to free them of dust. (*Thanks to* A. K.)

To Make Sealing Wax. Melt four ounces of shellac cautiously in a bright copper vessel, over a clear fire (charcoal, if possible) and when fused add one and a quarter ounces of Venice turpentine. Mix thoroughly, and then add three ounces of vermilion for red wax and two ounces of ivory black, in an unpalpable powder, if black sealing wax is required. Remove the pan from the fire, cool a little, weigh it into pieces, and roll into sticks on a warm stone slab by means of a polished wooden block. If preferred, the wax may be poured into moulds while still very hot, and in a state of fusion. (*Reply to* W. E. A.)

Dandelion Wine. Boil one gallon of water with two pounds and a half of moist sugar and the beaten white of an egg for forty minutes. Have a quarter of a peck of fresh-gathered dandelion flowers and one pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, in a pan, and pour the liquor over them. Cover the vessel closely, and let the ingredients infuse for three days. Stir twice daily. Then add one tablespoonful of good yeast, keep it well mixed and covered closely until it has worked freely. Then strain into a cask about half an ounce or more, to taste, of bruised ginger and the rind of half a Seville orange. Let it remain open, covering the bung with a tile until it has ceased fermenting. Add a quarter of a pint of brandy, stop up the cask securely, and keep it for twelve months. Then bottle the wine, and it will be fit for use six months later. (*Reply to* MRS. H. B.)

This Method of Bottling fruit will probably be more effectual in a hot climate than the one you are now using. Choose clean, dry bottles, or stone jars, and nearly fill them with sound unbroken fruit; pour boiling water up to the neck (after warming the bottles). Then pour over as much good salad oil as will float all over the top of the jar. Tie over with a bladder which has been soaked in warm water. As a rule, the oil can be removed in a cake during cold weather; if not, skim it off thoroughly before using, and finish off with kitchen paper. *N.B.*—The recipe you have used when the fruit is cooked in the bottles is excellent if the bottles are not moved, and the bottles should be filled up while hot and on the stove with the contents of another, and tied over with bladder at once. (*Reply to* AN ARGENTINE.)

Isobel

HOLIDAYS FOR 1902.		1902. MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.
Good Friday	March 28.	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24 31
Easter Monday	March 31.	M 3 10 17 24 31	M 7 14 21 28	M 5 12 19 26	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25
Whitsun Monday	May 19.	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26
Coronation Day	June 26.	W 5 12 19 26	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 7 14 21 28	W 4 11 18 25	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27
Bank Holiday	August 4.	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28
Christmas Day	December 25.	F 7 14 21 28	F 4 11 18 25	F 2 9 16 23 30	F 6 13 20 27	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29
Boxing Day	December 26.	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30

ENGAGEMENTS BROKEN BY JESTS.

Take a Joke as a Joke and not as a Serious Statement.

"A JOKE never gains an enemy but often loses a friend."

This is a truism which lovers might do well to bear in mind when about to hazard a joke of an even apparently harmless nature.

It is an undoubted fact that there are occasions when the most innocent of jests may be attended with consequences ultimately fatal to the most hopeful courtship. Instances have been known in which a few words uttered in sport have been sufficient to convert the sweet thrills of love into feelings of the deepest aversion.

Even those jests which are met and parried with seeming good humour, sometimes carry a little sting which, in the case of a sensitive mind, is not easily forgotten or forgiven.

Men are, generally speaking, more in the habit of jesting, perhaps, than women, yet, strange to say, they are usually more ready to resent a joke at their expense than are their less humorous sisters. The temptation to try and be funny is often irresistible to many a man when pressing his suit, and he will often set up as a humourist with a second-hand stock of wit. Satire is an especially dangerous weapon, except in the hands of the most skilful, and has often caused far deeper wounds than the shafts from Cupid's bow. A clumsy jest is one of the worst of blunders, and a blunder, we are told, is sometimes "worse than a crime." Certainly in some cases it is so.

One day last summer a newly-engaged young couple were resting on one of the public seats at a popular seaside resort, and, having nothing better to do, they passed the time pleasantly enough in criticising the passers-by.

After various more or less distinctive types of the human species had passed under review and been subjected to the usual half-whispered comment, the young man suddenly drew his companion's attention to a tall slenderly-built lady who was approaching, by saying: "Here comes another freak; behold the 'skeleton dudess'!"

His consternation could not possibly have been greater, when, after a brief glance in the direction indicated, the young lady immediately sprang to her feet, and rushing up to the much-maligned "freak" heartily embraced her with the words: "Oh, mother, whatever has brought you here to-day?" The introduction which followed seemed only to increase the unlucky joker's embarrassment, and although no further reference was ever made to the incident by his *fiancée*, before the autumn leaves began to fall the engagement was at an end.

But if words uttered in jest are perilous to the course of true love, what shall be said of silly practical jokes? These, of course, are even more risky. The folly of this kind of fun is now being deeply appreciated by a Cardiff maiden, who recently conceived and carried out a joke which was sufficiently ingenious to destroy her reputation for commonsense, and lose her a lover into the bargain.

Wishing to prevent her "intended" from being present at a dance to which they had both been invited, and at which she had hoped to enjoy herself whilst dispensing with his guardian care, she invented a few reasons for him as to why he should decline the invitation.

Now, as the man was of rather a jealous turn of mind, however, as well as, it may be explained, an indifferent dancer, he determined to go, and made no secret of his intention. This was enough for her ladyship, who, finding her wishes thwarted, resolved to get even with her obdurate lover, and that if he danced, he should also repent.

In order that she might attain this end she managed to procure a small quantity of a peculiar powder remarkable for its irritating properties, with which, on the evening of the ball, she freely besprinkled the roomy interior of the dress shoes which were soon to adorn the pedal extremities of her stubborn swain.

The result was that one turn round the room to the strains of the opening waltz was more than sufficient for the victim of this cruel artifice, and he literally danced home in agony and rage. Alas! Love's golden dream was past, and next day the engagement was declared "off."

It would be absurd, of course, on these grounds to try and eliminate all jests between engaged couples. This would be a very dismal world without jokes. Wit and humour is the spice of conversation, and a jest will often fill an awkward gap, and is sometimes just the one thing needful to break down reserve and abolish any restraint of manner.

No one who possesses commonsense would ever resent a merry quip.

"Take a joke as a joke and it will not provoke," is a very true saying, and he would be but a "faint-heart" who would be seriously discouraged, even by such a reply as a girl once gave her lover when he asked her what was the most serious objection which her father would raise to his suit, and, with a sudden gleam of mischief, she replied "his boot."

Gibes and jeers, of course, belong to another order; they should be rigidly tabooed, and have no lot or part in Love's vocabulary.

A SINISTER WEDDING GIFT.

THERE is no surer proof of tact than divining precisely what are the most acceptable presents we can make. The young gentleman who presented his rich uncle, a great temperance advocate, with a choice set of wine decanters failed in this instinct, as did the Eton boy who sent a cricketer's outfit as a birthday gift to his cousin, who was unfortunately crippled. That the gift should be of a useful character, immediate or prospective, is not always a safe guide, as instanced in the case of a gift once made by a wealthy bachelor to a near relative who was about to marry on a slender income, viz., a beautifully engrossed and illuminated list of the names and addresses of the Relieving Officers for the Metropolitan District, framed in gold. There is a wide-spread and peculiar belief—originating, it is supposed, in an alleged comic song, that no good gift can come from one's mother-in-law, and that it is heresy, pure and simple, to be on good terms with a lady in that position of relationship; but, like many another belief, it is utterly fallacious and quite opposed to common sense, as thousands of men have proved, among them Mr. C. W. H. Barber, of Woodrow Dairy, Stourton Caundle, Dorset.

"About ten years ago," writes Mr. Barber, on 17th January, 1902, "I experienced my first attack of indigestion. What brought it on I was never able to discover, nor did I at first know what my ailment was; but for rather more than two years I was a martyr to it. It began with an uncomfortable feeling after taking food, which made me very irritable. A little later this was followed by pain in the chest and between the shoulders, and henceforth I knew only too well from what it was I suffered—indigestion and its horrors were familiar to me. After even the lightest meal, I was oppressed by a sense of fulness—was tired, heavy and dull. On rising in the morning there was, more often than not, an unpleasant taste in my mouth, the tongue being dry and coated. My face, too, had a sickly appearance, and the whites of my eyes were tinged with yellow. Constipation, also, was a continual trouble to me."

One would imagine that a man in the condition which Mr. Barber pictures was about as well acquainted with indigestion as it is possible to be. Oh dear no! Not at all. Indigestion is armed with many more weapons than, so far, it had employed against Mr. Barber, as we shall presently see. Mr. Barber continues: "I daily grew worse, and often went without eating anything from fear of the pain in my chest which would follow. I was seldom without a headache, and if I stooped the position produced an attack of giddiness. And now at three o'clock each morning, with unvarying regularity, I awoke with an agonising pain at the pit of the stomach, at times so severe that I used to get up and dress, further sleep being impossible. The pain used to last for about two hours.

During all this misery Mr. Barber was at constant expense in his efforts to obtain relief. "I spent," he adds, "pounds and pounds on doctors and medicines of various kinds to no purpose whatever, and it really looked as if I should never get well again. One day, when I was greatly depressed about my condition, my wife's mother gave me a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. The bottle was not more than half full. She had great faith in it and believed it would do me good. I took it, and felt so much benefit that I bought a bottle myself, and then went in for a thorough course of it. But mine was a stubborn case; nevertheless, though it required many bottles, Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup completely cured me. To people who suffer as I did, and especially those who have tried various so-called remedies without finding relief, I would recommend a trial of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. It will cure them, if anything will. Whenever in the least out of sorts, I resort to it, and always with the happiest effect."

Of all gifts whatsoever sound health is out and away the most precious, and they who possess it can never sufficiently appreciate its value until it is lost. With present-day knowledge and skill, health, shattered by accident or folly, ignorantly neglected, or in any other way impaired, can be reconstructed as it never could before; and there is no more efficient means for that than the little gift which Mr. Barber received from his wife's mother.

AN IDEAL TONIC.

is one that restores tone and efficiency to the stomach, liver and kidneys impaired through worry, overwork, climatic changes, unhealthy atmosphere in factory or office, disease or any other cause. It promotes the thorough digestion and assimilation of food, by which alone the blood is replenished and enriched. Such a tonic is Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup,

MADE FROM ROOTS AND HERBS.

"Five years ago I suffered terribly from indigestion, constipation, giddiness and continuous pains in my head. My appetite was gone and my nights were restless. Thanks to Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup all this was soon changed. By taking an occasional dose I can now digest my food readily.—CHARLES PHILLIPS, 1 Fernside, St. Andrew's Road, Deal. February 13th, 1902."

MOTHER
SEIGEL'S
CURATIVE SYRUP.

GOOD! IT'S MASON'S

MASON'S
EXTRACT OF HERBS FOR MAKING
BOTANIC BEER

The merit of which is proved by its years of uninterrupted popularity and reputation. It is the drink for all who value health and economy.

Is a SAFE Drink. A wholesome and refreshing summer beverage. There is no fear of bad after-effects when drinking MASON'S HERB BEER. Its effects are always good, refreshing, and tonic.

Is a PURE Drink. There is no harmful ingredient in Mason's Herb Beer. Is made solely from the finest selected herbs, and is a beverage that abstainers and non-abstainers alike may enjoy and benefit by.

Is a CHEAP Drink. A 6d. bottle makes 8 gallons, or, in other words, for 6d. you get 128 glasses of a delicious, non-alcoholic beer. The same quantity of alcoholic beer would cost at least 16/—showing a saving of 15/6.

SEND NINE STAMPS FOR A SAMPLE, POST FREE.

Of all Chemists & Stores, 6d. & 1/- per bottle.

Sole Makers: NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

MR. GEO. R. SIMS'
"TATCHO."
WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO FOR ALL OF YOU

THE MEDICAL OFFICER OF A CITY IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND WRITES,

under date March 5th:

"I have used your Preparation, 'Tatcho,' for some time, and like it much. I am seventy-three next week, and have a good head of hair, so good, in fact, that I have been asked by intimate friends if it were real." (The original may be seen on the testimonial files at the "Tatcho" offices.

LADY SYKES WRITES:

"Mayfair, W., Jan. 14th, 1902.

"I can honestly recommend 'Tatcho.' I have used it for more than two years, and it has really entirely renovated my hair."

"ITS MERITS ARE INDISPUTABLE."

"Kenchester, Hereford,
"March 3rd, 1902.

"Your Preparation, 'Tatcho,' is delightful. Its merits are indisputable. My hair has grown several inches since I began to use it.
"EMMA AGAR."

"A HEAD BARE FOR YEARS."

"11 & 13 King Street, Thetford,
"March 22nd, 1902.

My husband's head was as bare as the palm of his hand for years. After using 'Tatcho' it is quite covered with short hairs, for which we are very thankful, and shall recommend it when possible.
"Mrs. BROWN."

"AT LAST IT IS GROWING."

"9 St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, Kensington, W., Feb. 21st, 1902.

"I have used one trial bottle of 'Tatcho,' and have never found any thing to make my hair grow before. It is bright auburn hair which, until now, I have found great difficulty in getting to grow any length, and am delighted to find at last it is growing splendidly.
"LOUISA LANE FOX."

"ALL HAVE DERIVED BENEFIT."

"Bath College, Bath, March 13th, 1902.

"I have recommended 'Tatcho' to many members of the college, and all have derived benefit from it. I will continue to recommend it to all my friends old and new.
"A THORPE WILD."

DISTRIBUTION OF ONE MILLION BOTTLES.

4/6 full size Bottle for 1/10 post free.

To secure one of these Trial Bottles, apply to your Chemist or Stores, or write to us mentioning *Pearson's Weekly*. Post your letter to "Tatcho" Offices, 81 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C., accompanied with postal order for 1/10, and we will post to your address direct in plain package one of the special full size 4/6 bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease.
"TATCHO" is not a dye, and contains no colouring-matter or any harmful ingredient.
"TATCHO" is sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world, in bottles at 1/-, 2/9 and 5/-, in addition to the special trial size referred to above.

IS YOUR NAME ON COLUMN THREE?

A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

WHEN this number appears, Mr. P. Doubleyou will be, I hope, diligently searching the Boulevards and Faubourgs for important information on Parisian life. At the present moment, he is getting a little bit wearying, owing to his anxiety to bring about a *coup-d'état* in the French Government; to introduce ping-pong to France, which he challenges to send forth of its mightiest and beat him if it can; to revive the traditions of the Musketeers and the days of Louis XIV., while he also says he has little schemes by which he can restore to France her lost provinces of Alsace-Lorraine, and destroy the Franco-Russian alliance. You need not be surprised at this. He generally talks in like manner when I allow him a little latitude in the selection of his experiences. What he will probably succeed in doing will be to get himself into all sorts of absurd bothers with the authorities, and to get a few impressions of Paris viewed through the spectacles of a very arrogant and cocksure specimen of youthful Briton. How he fared we shall know later on. However, you may trust him to mix himself up in a sufficient number of events to turn out a very interesting series of articles. He knows what will happen if he doesn't!

MISS MADGE MORRIS has come to me with tears in her eyes on the receipt of a scathing letter from a A MAN, anent her guilt in referring in SHORT STORIES to a "young lady" and her "young man." "Is there not," he says, "a ring of insolence in this? If 'man,' why not 'woman'? And if 'lady,' why not 'gentleman'?"——————Miss Morris asks me to say she quite agrees that the word "woman" might rightly be used when "man" is employed. But surely A MAN will agree that "young woman" is not a nice designation for a sweetheart, while "young man" as conveying an impression of sturdiness and vigour is much better than "young gentleman"? I do not know any youth who wishes to bear the latter designation, and even schoolboys and midshipmen who are continually referred to in this wise, would rather be called plain "boys." Miss Morris tells me that she dislikes the phrase "young lady," but as it is in very general use among her correspondents, she employs it out of mere courtesy to them.

TWO OR THREE READERS write objecting to certain statements in the recent article. "Fortunes in ½d. Loans." W. H. confuses the odd halfpennies alluded to, and on which interest was said to be charged, with halfpenny pledges, of which he very naturally says no one has ever heard. He thinks "uncle" is really quite moderate in his charges, and points out that he only asks 4d. in the £ per month, on a £10 loan. This, however, works out at twenty per cent. (£2) per annum, and to a weekly customer would mean eighty per cent.—after all, W. H., a very comfortable return. UNCLE tells me that he has never heard of interest being charged on odd halfpennies. Well, he knows now. It is done, and that, too, in the same town in which UNCLE resides. In reference to the charges for "wrapper," "drawer," and "hanging," on which an anonymous reader throws doubt, the writer of the article tells me that they are regularly exacted in most towns, and that distinguishing marks placed on the tickets tell the initiated which charge has been made. Although illegal, the supposition that a special contract or agreement consenting to the charge exists between pawnor and pawnee, quite absolves "uncle" from any risk.

M. H. S., who is an enthusiastic reader of serials, thinks it is rather rough on readers of *P.W.* that Mr. Crump (the clever, little detective of "FETTERED LIVES" fame), should be transferred to SHORT STORIES. He says: "If it is not too selfish to say so, I think that any further adventures of Mr. Crump should have been related in *P.W.*, as I think we, who have known him from the first, may fairly be expected to desire to know him to the end."——————That is all very well, but if Mr. Crump is not associated with the events which are chronicled in "AS A MAN SOWS," how can we tell you about the further adventures of Mr. Crump in that story? As, however, it was his fate, after retiring from active service, to become interested in the events which are chronicled under the heading of "OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION," then, of course, there is nothing for it but to relate his adventures in that connection. These you will find very cleverly told by the author of "FETTERED LIVES" in the current number of SHORT STORIES.

"WHAT is the meaning of the expression to 'look Indian' for anything that has fallen to the ground?" asks F. G.——————On the prairies the Indians put their heads to the ground in order to catch sight of any object, no matter how small, between themselves and the horizon. If this is possible on open ground, there is no reason why one should not "look Indian" in rooms. F. G. might try it next time he drops his collar stud, and if the result is satisfactory, the practice of placing one's nose to the ground and furtively scanning the neighbouring carpet with revolving eyeballs should in time become a national diversion.

"THE biggest fish story that has come my way lately is the legend of Pelorus Jack, of New Zealand. This," writes MARA TAUMAKI, "is a rather large fish, with a seal-like head, which gleams snow white in the water. For twenty years he has accompanied every out-going vessel, and gone out to meet every boat coming in. He invariably joins the boats at a certain spot and accompanies them for some distance, and disappears always at the same place. Further than this he never goes out with any boat. But some years ago, a man in one of the boats shot at this fish, with the result that now, whenever that particular boat comes or goes, Jack never turns up. The people who live along the coast watch for him swimming along by the side of the boat, and he is a great pet and an object of interest to strangers. More than this, Pelorus Jack is protected by law."——————May New Zealand long rejoice in this highly interesting fish, and this quite record fish story. May he never be caught—nor they, by the romancing capacities of fishy natives.

THE other week a paragraph appeared in *P.W.* regarding the Right Rev. Jervois A. Newnham, D.D., Bishop of the Missionary Diocese of Moosonee. I now hear from his brother who tells me that the bishop is not yet fifty years of age, and the walk which he took on snowshoes was about 360 miles. His post at Moose is the most southern one on Hudson Bay, and he reached the railway line 200 miles from Ottawa. This walk, although long and hard, does not, it appears, come up to some of the tramps taken by that veteran missionary, Archdeacon Lofthouse, who has just been elected to the new Diocese of Keewatin, who walked 1,000 miles one winter amid much greater hardships. Although his food ran short he walked the last few days at the rate of twenty miles a day with only one small meal; three of his dogs died of starvation.

WELL! How did you get along with the little inset which you found in last week's copy of *P.W.*? Please don't under any circumstances waste it, for even if you only collect a few pence we shall appreciate your kindness.

J. L. suggests that at ping-pong parties every player who loses should put a penny into the box for the FRESH AIR FUND.——————You see, after all, there may be advantages in losing your games.

NEXT Monday, the 16th, is FRESH AIR FUND Coronation Monday, when every reader of *Pearson's Weekly* is going to send 1s. to the FRESH AIR FUND. You, coming under this category, will, of course, do so. Of all the methods of celebrating the Coronation this, perhaps, is the cheapest and best, because, in the first place, you not only get your full amount of satisfaction and pleasure out of the knowledge that you have made a little child happy, but that it has only cost you a nimble shilling to do so. Ninepence covers the expenses for one child's day in the country. We ask you to send 1s. because, first, it is a convenient sum —you can get a postal order for a shilling, but you can't get one for ninepence—and, secondly, we think you ought to send just a little more than the ninepence this year because it is Coronation year. What you have to do now is to go out at once (or to send out), and get a postal order for 1s.; then slip it into an envelope, together with your name, or initials, or *nom de plume*, and post it to the Honorary Secretary of the FRESH AIR FUND, so that it reaches these offices on Monday morning.

J. A. writes the following letter, which I commend to the serious consideration of every reader: "Might I be allowed to make a suggestion *re* your FRESH AIR FUND? As this is Coronation year, and you wish to make it a record, I would suggest to you the holding of a competition in all the weeklies you issue, offering a prize to the one who sent in the most useful articles that could be turned into money for the benefit of the FRESH AIR FUND. A large number of people, who are not able to send money, may have something very useful which could easily be turned into money, and would be quite willing to part with it."——————A very good idea, but why offer a prize? Surely, people who have some article or other they can spare for the FRESH AIR FUND don't need the inducement of a prize to send it along.

J. C. W. makes one of the cleverest suggestions I have heard of for a long time in connection with the FRESH AIR FUND. Here is his letter: "Some little time ago I read in *P.W.* an article by Clement Scott bearing on the FRESH AIR FUND, entitled 'A Day in Paradise.' Something in the article appealed to me, and I determined to help. I applied for forms and received two; one I use personally to obtain donations, and the other I have been sending to my friends with a letter explaining the objects and asking for assistance. The surprising point about this system —at least to me—is the difference in the result. I can get twice as much by writing to a man and giving him time to reflect than I can by tackling him personally. How is this? Every week there has been an article by some well-known writer anent the FRESH AIR FUND; these I cut out and send with my letters, and my object in writing is to suggest that the other collectors do the same; they would, I have no doubt, find them of material assistance. Will you point this out to them?"——————Now, this is a good and useful suggestion, and I ask all readers to think seriously of adopting it. There are thousands upon thousands of good, kind-hearted people who are not in a position to send a subscription themselves, and who are too modest to personally ask any of their friends for money. Yet they would not mind writing a note to their friends in the same way as J. C. W. has done. It perhaps means just a trifle more trouble. You have to screw yourself up to the point of getting out the notepaper and dipping the pen into the ink, but it is worth it, isn't it? Do please see what you can do in this matter. Remember that every ninepence got together means joy in the heart of one little slum child.

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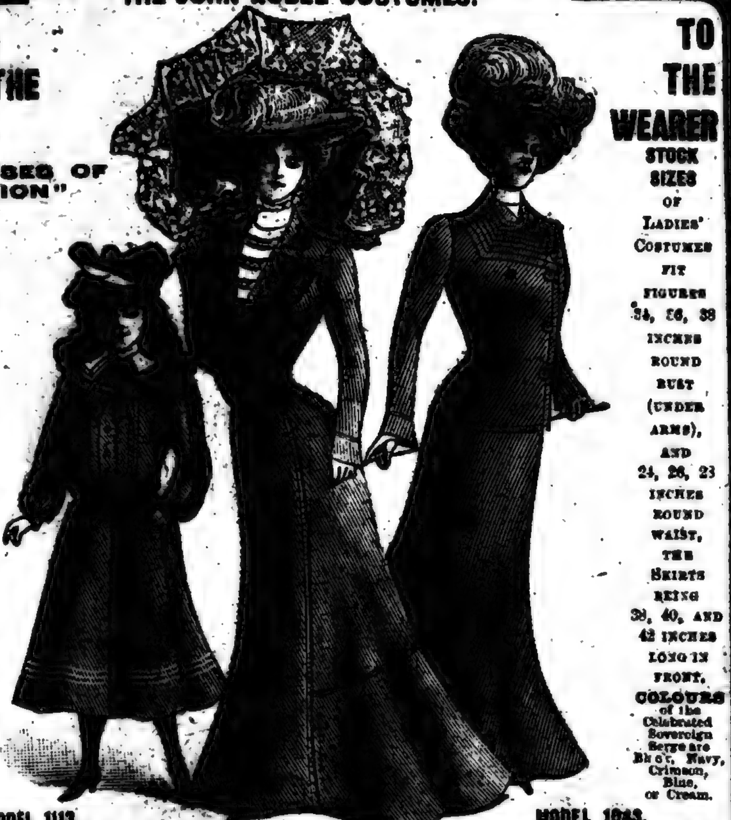

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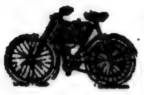

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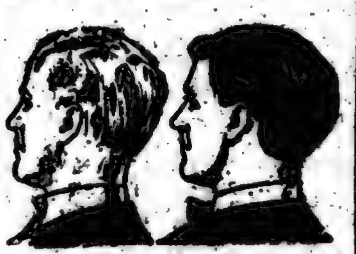

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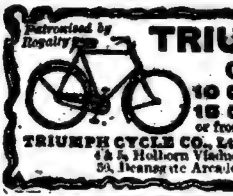

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NEW STORIES OF STAGE LIFE.

ON TOUR.

Being the Actual Adventures of a Young Actress in a Travelling Theatrical Company, told by Herself.

I.
MY FIRST REHEARSAL.

"Cross, Miss Verinder!" said the stage-manager in a weary voice.

"Cross, Mr. Peruker? No, not in the least. A trifle tired from my journey, but——"

"I was not inquiring into the state of your *health*, Miss Verinder; I was requesting you to cross—to walk across the stage, if you prefer it."

I felt my face flame as I heard the others titter, and I crossed very haughtily, as I imagined, but the stage manager stopped me.

"Excuse me, Miss Verinder," he murmured, "will you please go back and do that once again. I asked you to walk across the stage, not *waddle*. Oh, pray don't hurry, we will wait for you! The curtain does not go up till eight o'clock this evening."

And this was the man who was, I had been told, the very nicest stage-manager upon the road!

I began to wish I'd never come, and wondered whether father had not been right, after all, when he told me that I should never really like the stage, and that before two months were over I should come home again.

But there, it was too late now. I had accepted Mrs. Aubrey Vernon's offer, although the salary was only fifteen shillings a week, and I was bound by my new signature to form one of the répertoire company until December, and we were only in the early part of May.

As I crossed the stage once more, trying to do so more gracefully this time, I felt my chin tremble, which was a sure sign of tears. I think Mr. Peruker saw it too.

"We'll call rehearsal over for to-day," he said, in his professional voice. And then, in a lower tone to me: "I'd like five minutes of your time, Miss Verinder, if you can spare them."

When the others had gone Peruker looked at me and smiled. Now that we two were there quite alone his manner was much kinder than before.

"Look here, Miss Verinder," he said, "you musn't mind the little jars your pride will get. You'll do all right, you know, and I can see that you have really a wish to do well. Now, let us run through your lines, and see whether, by our two selves, we can't do better than we did just now."

I was to play Marjorie in *Jane Shore*, and though the part was small, it was a good one.

Mr. Peruker took me in hand. He ran through the story of the play with me, told me who were the characters and what members of the company would play them, and finally, after an hour's work, left me, with a warm grip of the hand, at the stage-door.

I felt far more hopeful now about the evening and my first appearance than I had felt before.

An hour ago I had felt as though I must be a dire failure, be turned out of Mrs. Vernon's Company with ignominy, and go home again confessing myself beaten.

But Mr. Peruker had changed all that, and I thought with satisfaction that I had gained a friend.

I did not know, however, that I had also made an enemy. But this I was to find out before very long.

II.
THE STAGE MANAGER BEFRIENDS ME.

WHEN seven o'clock struck, I had to hurry from my lowly lodgings to the theatre. I met Mrs. Aubrey Vernon at the stage door. She was a tall and stately woman, with dark eyes, pretty hands and arms, and beautiful fair hair, which must have at one time been black.

"This, then, must be Miss Verinder," she said. "Welcome, my child, to Bilton and the company! You dress, my dear, with Miss Birdall and Miss Cust. Peruker will show you the way." And, with a wave of her hand, Mrs. Aubrey Vernon vanished in to the dark passages.

I followed, and presently I found Mr. Peruker, who showed me my room. Miss Birdall and Miss Cust were there already, and I saw to my dismay, that for some reason or another, I had displeased Miss Birdall, and that I was not going to have a very easy time with the other lady members of the company.

You girls who only know the stage from the stalls or the dress-circle of a London theatre, and who have rose-coloured views of what the life of an actress is like, should see the dressing-room of a provincial actress in a small provincial theatre. It was a small, cell-like room underneath the stage, where there was barely comfortable space for one of us. Our dressing-tables were simply little shelves a few inches broad fastened to the walls underneath a tiny strip of unclean looking-glass. The remaining furniture of the room consisted of a basin and a jug of water, and our dressing-baskets.

If it had not been for Miss Cust's kindness I don't believe I should ever have gone upon the stage at all that evening. My ideas of make-up were most rudimentary, and Miss Birdall, when I asked for advice, had a way of telling me that I was perfect without so much as glancing at me, which made me angry, and, of course, gave me absolutely no assistance.

At last, however, I was ready, and, as well as I could see by the light of the one candle which was given each of us to dress by, I looked very nice indeed in my old-fashioned dress as Marjorie.

Miss Birdall's disagreeable way with me hurt me more than a little; but I understood it later in the evening, when, while I was waiting for my entrance with the crowd in the fourth act, Mrs. Waylie, the mother of our stage-child, little Harriet, who played old woman and general utility, explained matters to me.

"You see, my dear, Miss Birdall doesn't like Mr. Peruker to show attention to anybody but herself," said Mrs. Waylie, "and if you don't want to quarrel with her, you had better keep out of Peruker's way as much as possible."

I thought it quite absurd, for, after all, the man had done nothing beyond coaching me a little; but this, it seems, was quite enough to annoy Beatrice Birdall, who looked upon Peruker as her own property entirely. But I shall have more to say of Beatrice Birdall later on.

Two months have passed, and I must admit that I have found life with the touring company something very different from what I had expected.

We lived, excepting for the fact that our homes changed every Sunday, very much as do, or, rather, did, the people in Mrs. Gaskell's village stories. We are very particular about small courtesies. I once asked Mr. Peruker to come to tea with me, and, although he did not do so, all day long and for several days I was teased with my infatuation for our stage-manager, until I could scarcely face the man, and he, on his side, became very awkward and constrained with me, and manlike, half believed I *was* in love with him. Miss Birdall, I could see, was the ringleader of this movement.

III.
OUR NEW LEADING MAN.

"Miss SYBIL VERINDER; our new leading man—Mr. Hubert Evelyn," said Peruker.

And looking up from the lines which I was studying, I saw the handsomest man I have ever seen. Tall and erect of figure, with dark, melancholy eyes, each glance of which was almost a caress, his crisply-curling hair was prematurely grey, and his clean-shaven face was marked with the lines which told of heavy trouble.

As he took my hand in his the long, slim fingers folded over mine, and the mere "Very pleased to make your acquaintance; I hope we shall be good friends, Miss Verinder," seemed to acquire a significance which, of course, they had not. I had never seen Mr. Evelyn before, nor heard his voice, and yet it appeared to me as though I was meeting an old and long-lost friend. I felt strangely glad and strangely timid—happy and uncomfortable at the same time—and I hardly know how I found sufficient voice to answer him or what I said.

All through the rehearsal that morning—it was at Birkenpool, a fortnight after the events recorded in the last chapter—I was distracted and nervous, and when we were released I was glad to get away back to my rooms and think.

What could this mean? I had met interesting men before, but never had one of them affected me like this, and Katie Cust's babble about "those angelic eyes and silvered hair of Mr. Evelyn's," annoyed me out of all proportion.

Katie's language was one huge exaggeration. But somehow, when I was alone in my small bedroom, I did not laugh at Katie's accusation that I was in love with Mr. Evelyn. Could it be true? Here was a man whom, two hours before, I had not known nor seen, and now I was thinking of him to the exclusion of all else!

That evening, at the theatre, I found a little bouquet of loosely-tied carnations in the tumbler on the tiny shelf which served me as a dressing-table. There was no card with them, but the hot flush which rose to my cheeks as I picked up the flowers contradicted the assertion which I murmured to myself that "of course, he had not sent them." *He*, Hubert Evelyn was *he* to me already, and I had met him a few hours before and spoken to him for exactly two minutes on a crowded stage!

That night I learnt for certain that Hubert Evelyn had sent the flowers for me. But it was under painful circumstances, for he had been seen trying to enter Mrs. Vernon's dressing-room, and later that evening our manageress found that her diamond tiara, which was really valuable, had been stolen. I did not believe that Hubert Evelyn could stoop to such villainy, but the evidence of Miss Birdall was strong against him.

"It was a mistake, Mrs. Vernon," said Mr. Evelyn, when we were all gathered on the stage to be questioned about the stolen tiara. "It is all a mistake. I am new to the company and I mistook the room."

"But surely, Mr. Evelyn," said Mrs. Aubrey Vernon, "that was a strange mistake for you to make? Your dressing room is on the prompt side, and you have shown us to-night that you are far too experienced an actor to have mistaken O.P. for prompt."

"I was not looking for my room, Mrs. Vernon," said Hubert Evelyn, and there was a pained tone in that deep rich voice of his, "or for yours, either; but you will pardon me if I decline to say which dressing-room I meant to enter, or why I meant to enter it. You do not, I suppose, suspect me of the theft, if theft there has been?"

"I suspect nobody," said our manageress; "but I am anxious to throw what light I can upon this mysterious matter."

Mr. Evelyn did not reply, but stood there waiting; and as I looked at him a thought flashed into my mind, the very suddenness of which almost made me cry out as though in pain. The flowers!

Hubert Evelyn had been looking for my room, and it was to put the little bouquet of carnations upon my dressing-table that he had sought it. I was going to say so when I caught a glance from his dark eyes, which asked me, as plainly as words could have done, to remain silent. And I said nothing.

"Well," said Mrs. Aubrey Vernon suddenly, after a long pause, "we can evidently find out no more this evening. I fear that I shall be compelled to put this matter into the hands of the police." And Mrs. Vernon swept off the stage.

I could see that everybody, both men and girls, were convinced in their own minds that Hubert Evelyn had stolen the tiara.

After dinner the next day I went out for a walk. It was Friday, the last day but one of our week in Birkenpool, and I had, as yet, not seen the neighbourhood at all. I was anxious to be alone and think; and a walk by myself along the country lanes would, I believed, do me good, for I was very nervous and upset still by the excitement of the night before, and my want of rest had given me a headache.

I must have been walking for an hour, when at a turning in the road, a man, who had been leaning against a stile, turned round and faced me. It was Hubert Evelyn. He raised his hat, and would, I think, have passed me without speaking, but I stopped him.

"Mr. Evelyn," I said, "I want to tell you how very, very sorry I am for what has happened, and I want to tell you, too, although I feel sure you know it without my saying so, that I am no party to the absurd suspicion of your actions which seems to have grown up in the company."

Hubert Evelyn held my hand in his for a few moments without speaking.

"May I walk with you a little way?" he said at last. And we went on along the country lane.

"Miss Verinder, I scarcely know how to begin or what to say. You have guessed, have you not, that the dressing-room for which I was looking yesterday was yours. I did not want to ask any of the members of the company where it was, for I had no satisfactory explanation even to myself for the sudden sympathy for you, which had induced me to bring you those few flowers to the theatre. When I first met you at rehearsal in the morning it was as though I met an old and very dear friend whom I had lost for years. I could not then, and cannot now, put the feeling with which you inspired me into words, but will you pardon me for saying that it was a very real and very tender one. I have been a lonely man nearly all my life, Miss Verinder, and your friendship, from the first moment that I saw you, became a thing well worth the struggle of a life to gain. Can you forgive an utter stranger for his presumption?"

I was about to speak when he broke in again.

"I had the flowers in my hand as I met Miss Birdall at the door of Mrs. Aubrey Vernon's room, and she asked me whether Mrs. Vernon was in there. Just then we both heard her voice upon the stage, and Miss Birdall must have known, as well as I know myself, that I did not even cross the threshold of the manageress's dressing-room. Not only that, but when Miss Birdall saw you with the carnations she must have known that it was your room for which I had been looking, and that I had found it before she herself returned. What object this girl can possibly have had in saddling me with the suspicion of a petty theft, I cannot fathom!"

"Nor can I fathom it, Mr. Evelyn. Ever since I joined the company myself, about two months ago, Miss Birdall has treated me almost as though we two were rivals. But come now, Mr. Evelyn, both you and I have thought of little except this wretched business ever since it happened. Let us make the most of this fine afternoon, and you shall give me a cup of tea in the garden of the little inn which I can see a few yards down the road, before we both walk smartly back to town and work again."

The next half-hour was a delightful one. Hubert Evelyn proved himself in every way a charming companion. He had, he told me, travelled a great deal, and he had many interesting things to say about the countries he had visited. The time we had allowed ourselves in the inn garden slipped past like magic, and we had almost to run for fear of being late at the theatre. By the way he spoke his stage experiences did not seem to have been a long one, in some ways even it seemed as though he had never actually been upon the stage before. He had seen so many scenes and so many places, that he must, I thought, at all events until quite lately, have been a man of independent means. I wondered what secret there could be in this man's life.

He would have left me when we got near Birkenpool, but I refused.

"Mr. Evelyn," I said, and I could feel the hot blood mounting on my face and neck as I spoke—"Mr. Evelyn, I want you to understand that I am proud and not ashamed of the fact that you and I have become friends. I do not care if the whole company meet us together in the streets of Birkenpool.

Hubert Evelyn raised my hand to his lips and kissed it.

"Whatever may happen either to me or to you in the future, Miss Verinder, remember that you will always have one faithfully devoted friend," he said. "Ask me for anything, were it life itself, and it is yours."

"I will only ask you to walk a little faster just at present," I said, laughing. "It's getting very late."

I insisted on Mr. Evelyn seeing me right home to my rooms, and as we reached them I saw Miss Birdall at the window, but neither he nor I took the slightest notice of her.

"Good-bye, little friend," he said to me as we shook hands. "Good-bye, and thank you once again."

And there were two big tears to be wiped away before I went into the house. Tears of compassion for this lonely, handsome man falsely accused of a mean theft.

The mystery of Mrs. Vernon's diamonds, as Katie Cust called it, was driven out of our heads next day by more important matters, for we were to leave Birkenpool early on the Sunday morning and were to play on the Monday evening at Hyde, on the South Coast. We were of course to go through London, where all, or nearly all of us had friends, and we were busy making arrangements to meet them there, for we should have over two hours to spare in town.

For my own part, my dear father and Vera, my stepmother, were going to meet me at the station and give me dinner at a restaurant, and I had invited Katie Cust, whose friends were all in Scotland, to be one of the party.

Train call was for seven in the morning, and you can imagine that the first part of the journey was passed principally in sleep. However, we were wide awake enough when the train steamed into London.

I was excited, too, by the resolutions I had formed of introducing Mr. Evelyn to my father, and I wanted, if it could be managed, father to invite him to have dinner with us, for Hubert Evelyn had told me that he, too, did not expect to meet any friends in London.

As the train drew slowly up, I saw father on the platform, and in a moment more I had both arms round his neck, and was laughing and crying at once as though our separation had been one of years instead of months.

Suddenly, father started, and looked up the platform.

Mr. Evelyn, a hand-bag in his hand, was coming towards us on his way towards the cloak-room. My father stared at him as he came up as though he could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Father," I said, "this is Mr. ——"

My father sprang towards Mr. Evelyn with outstretched hand.

"Sir Hubert Elgood," he exclaimed, "you here! This is indeed a wonderful surprise. I thought that you were in America!"

And Katie Cust and I looked open-eyed at one another, and wondered what it all could mean.

The above true stories of a girl's life on the stage are continued in THE HOME CIRCLE, out this Friday (June 13th). A long instalment will be given. THE HOME CIRCLE, the famous new Story Journal, is on sale of all newsdealers, price one penny. If your newsdealer is sold out he will be pleased, for one penny, to obtain a copy from the publisher. Order this Friday's HOME CIRCLE, containing the continuation of the above series to-day.

This Powerful Series of Theatrical Stories is founded on fact; but in all cases the towns mentioned, and the names of persons used, are fictitious.

Ignorance that cost Millions

Lives and Money Lost through People not Knowing what they Ought to.

It never seems, until quite lately, to have occurred to gold diggers that sea sand might be as rich in the precious metal as river sand. For a long time past, the New South Wales Public Works have been engaged in dredging out the harbours at the mouths of the Moruya and Shoalhaven Rivers. Incidentally, they have also been employed in the expensive operation of dumping thousands of pounds' worth of gold into the sea. The workmen made the discovery that the sand they were dredging up was rich in gold, so rich, indeed, that by running the stuff through an automatic gold-saver, it is certain that the gold recovered will more than pay all the expenses of the harbour-making operations.

Ignorance is always expensive, sometimes enormously so. Here is a case in point. Hitherto, very many cases of magnetic compasses have been constructed of nickel, under the impression that this metal was non-magnetic, and would, therefore, not affect the needle. As a matter of fact, nickel has strongly magnetic qualities, and does undoubtedly increase considerably the error of the compass. How many wrecks have been caused by this error he would be a bold man who would attempt to compute.

GOLD ORE MISTAKEN FOR SAND.

The ignorance of a station-master in their employ lately cost an American railway company £400. A Kansas City smelting company paid that price for twenty tons of crushed gold ore which was dispatched to them from Mexico. It never arrived, and the railway officials made inquiries. The truck containing the ore was traced to Kansas City, and the station-master was asked what had become of it. He replied that a load of very inferior sand had arrived some weeks before, that some of it he had used in the sand boxes of the engines, and found it so poor in quality that he had had the rest scattered along the permanent way.

One of the most expensive blunders of recent years has been made on the Trans-Siberian Railway, and appears to be due to the military engineers employed being ignorant of the fact that thirty-six pound rails will not carry sixty-ton locomotives. The whole seven thousand miles of line has been laid with thirty-six instead of seventy-two pound rails, and wooden bridges have been built. The result is that not more than twenty miles an hour is possible on a level with safety.

AN ERROR COSTING £6,000,000.

On the Trans-Baikal end of the line matters are still worse, for the heavy engines used cannot be braked to a lower speed than thirty-five miles an hour on the steep gradients, a pace which is most unsafe under existing circumstances. It will, it is calculated, cost six millions sterling to rectify these errors.

It might be supposed that the manager of an estate would know where the boundary lines of that property lay. Yet no less a person than our late gracious Queen Victoria was put to considerable expense by ignorance of this kind on the part of a Commissioner of hers. He erected a lodge on what he believed to be the boundary line of the Balmoral property. When the building was finished, Colonel Gordon's factor called and thanked him for his kindness. He pointed out that the lodge was built, not on Balmoral land, but on the Abergeldie property, and, therefore, belonged to Colonel Gordon.

When we evacuated the Soudan after the killing of Gordon and the fall of Khartoum, enormous quantities of stores, which lay at Shendy, on the Nile, had to be destroyed for fear of their falling into the hands of the enemy, there not being sufficient means of transport for their removal. Among these stores were nearly a million rounds of rifle ammunition, and the military authorities thought the best thing to do with these was to throw them into the Nile.

KITCHENER THREW MONEY OVERBOARD.

To Kitchener, then a captain, fell this duty, and a detail under his command promptly hurled the big boxes into the deepest part of the river. It was not until the whole thing was over, and their destruction formally certified, that it was discovered that two chests of gold, for the payment of the troops, had got mixed with the ammunition, and shared its fate. In each chest was £10,000, so somebody's ignorance was responsible for the loss of £20,000 of the British taxpayer's money. Even though we now own the country, it is unlikely that the thick Nile mud will ever be induced to give up the treasure.

It is believed that France was beaten by Germany in 1870, purely through the inexcusable ignorance of Marshal Bazaine. When that General was shut up in Metz with an enormous army, the Prussians left the east side of the town almost unguarded. Had Bazaine known of this, as he should have done, he could have made a sortie any time between August 25th and September 2nd with 100,000 picked men, and joined the raw French levies at Epinal. Metz would have had food to hold out almost indefinitely, and the provincial troops, well backed, would not have yielded so easily as they did. The whole fate of France might have been changed, and the nation spared the loss of two provinces, and the payment of a record indemnity.

It was ignorance too, but more excusable ignorance, which led to the smashing defeat which General Cope sustained at Preston Pans in the famous "Forty-five." It was by a path through the marsh that the Prince led his troops, and so took the English forces at such terrible disadvantage. General Cope has been blamed for not discovering the existence of the path, but it appears that it was only known to one person, and that one of the Pretender's followers. His name was Anderson, and he had discovered it while shooting snipe. He communicated its existence to Lord George Murray, and by him the secret was told to the Prince.

No one could possibly estimate how many million tons of that ill-smelling, but most valuable substance, coal tar, were poured away and lost during the half century before aniline dyes were discovered. We no longer waste coal tar, but our ignorance of the value of other bye-products is causing extravagance just as reckless to-day. Millions of tons of culm and pit refuse blacken the face of the coal counties. All this will be of the greatest value when the Mond gas process is in full working order; each ton of it will produce fourteen times as much gas as a ton of the best coal does to-day under present processes.

Again, in every cotton-growing country, although the cotton seed is now made use of, an oil being extracted from it, yet the hulls lie waste in huge mounds, because we have hitherto been too ignorant to utilise them. All the years past we have been chopping down mile upon mile of beautiful and valuable forest purely for the sake of making paper out of the pulped trunks, when we might have been employing, instead, this inexhaustible store of waste material. It is encouraging to observe that at last a great company has been formed, with a capital of a million pounds, which will work up cotton seed hulls into a perfect white paper, which will never turn yellow like the pulp from wood, and which will cost but £5 a ton against £15 for wood pulp.

◆

Woman's Diplomacy.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins. "do you think we shall ever be rich enough to own a yacht?"

"I shouldn't be surprised."

"When we can afford it you will buy me a yacht, won't you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, Charley, dear, I know you are a business man, and I know you want me to be a business woman. If you will give a new hat and a new gown and a new coat now, I won't say a word about the yacht. Isn't that a lovely discount for cash?"

◆

Praying for Rain.

A parish priest, going his rounds one July day in a little Irish village, met a farmer whom he knew well, but who was a Protestant, and not a member of his flock.

Says Pat: "Af ye plase, yer riverince, would ye be so koind as to pray for a wee drop o' rain come Sunday next, for sorra a thing'll grow in me little garden wid the present hate of the weather."

"I'm sorry to hear it," said the priest kindly, "but you must ask your own clergyman, Pat, not me."

"Ah, shure, yer riverince, and what for would I be axin' him to pray for rain wid thim cocks o' hay a-standing on his lawn?"

◆

Tom: "I begin to believe in this flat earth theory."
Dick: "Why?"
Tom: "I can't hide from my creditors to save my life."

◆

Alice: "What a gallant person Mr. Dunkley is. He never addresses me without beginning 'Fair miss.'"

Dorothy: "Oh, that's force of habit. He used to be a 'bus conductor."

◆

Bridegroom (handing his bride a brooch with her name set in diamonds): "Here, dear Ida."

Bride (aside): "Oh, dear, why didn't I have some good long name, like Marguerite?"

◆

"How did it happen that Miss Singleton refused to marry the young clergyman?"

"Why, when he proposed to her, she, being a little deaf, thought he was asking her to subscribe to the organ fund. So she told him she had promised her money to some other mission."

◆

"You must feel very happy in this lovely cottage you call your own."

"How can I, when I think of my family that owned an estate of thousands of acres, with a castle and a whole regiment of servants?"

"Why, when did they lose it?"

"During the eleventh century."

WHAT WE OWE TO DUST.

It Gives us Light and Blue Sky, and without it we should all Drown.

You cannot get away from dust, go where you will. In the bowels of the earth, or far out at sea, it slowly covers all. This latter statement may seem absurd, but it is a fact that a vast quantity of dust falls on the most distant oceans.

The newly-swept decks of vessels at sea are quickly covered with dust. Curiously enough, this is especially true of sailing vessels. Although the smoke of steam vessels makes a good amount of dirt, yet much of it blows away. In the case of sailing vessels the sails act as collectors of dust. The canvas arrests the progress of floating dust and precipitates it on to the decks.

Where does this vast quantity of fine dust come from? It is somewhat a mystery, but many believe it is of meteoric origin. In other words, it is star-dust.

Hundreds of tons of star-dust fall upon the surface of the globe every year. The small fragments of mighty suns have been rushing through space for countless ages, until they came within the limit of the earth's attractive power.

Then, with a mighty whizz, they have rushed through the air, leaving a fiery track behind them, and have been ground to powder by the friction. Every "shooting-star" you see is one of these cases.

Were it not for dust there would be no daylight. This may seem to be a rash assertion, but it is a fact that were there no dust in the air, sunbeams would be totally invisible. There would be no light except where the sun's rays fell.

Without dust this world of ours would lose most of its beauty. There would be no gorgeous sunsets. Perhaps the world would be uninhabitable. There would be nothing but glaring sunlight and jet black shadows.

There would be a dazzling globe of fire glowing out of a horrible blackness, in place of our present beautiful summer sky. It would be a world of harsh contrasts, of hideous glare and darkness.

It is the dust which diffuses the light and heat the sun showers upon us. In a darkened room you can see the motes as they dance in the path of the beams of light. Were it not for them, those beams would be invisible, save where they struck some solid body.

Dust causes diffused daylight, and gives us those restful half-tones. It is the cause of the sky being blue.

Had you to live in a dustless world, you would require special houses built so that you would not be blinded when the sun shone in; so that you could see when the sun did not shine in. The stars would be plainly visible in the noontide sky—throughout the whole twenty-four hours, in fact. Vegetables, and animals also, would be quite unlike those we now possess.

This is not all.

The clouds owe their existence to dust. You would live in a cloudless, a mistless, a fogless world. This means more than you may think at first sight.

It means that no man's life would be safe from drowning.

As things are now, the vapours high above condense round the particles of dust, and fall as rain. This vapour is accumulating constantly, and is formed into clouds as constantly. So we get the gentle rain.

From a dustless sky the water would fall in crushing masses, with a violence now unheard of. Instead of rain there would be waterspouts, and watery destruction. Then the water would come down in torrents, in solid blocks.

But for dust you might be drowned at any minute. You owe your life to it, much as you may anathematise it at times when its presence is too conspicuous.

Many other debts of gratitude you owe to the ubiquitous dust, but enough has been mentioned to demonstrate how indispensably necessary it is to your existence.

All dust is not alike, of course. There is Paddington "dust," for instance. This is its composition, according to a recent analysis:

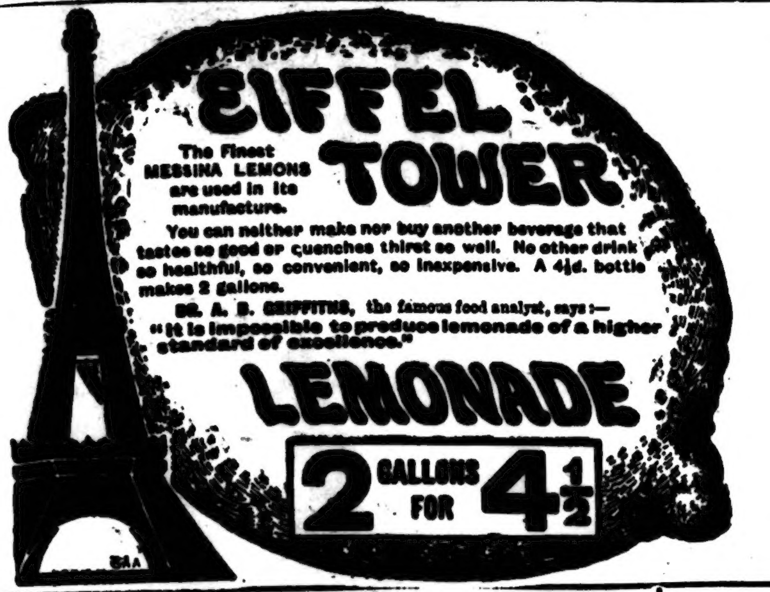
In every 1,000 tons there are 566 tons of ashes, 288 tons of cinders, 142 tons of animal and vegetable material, 29 tons broken earthenware, 1½ tons of coal, 2½ tons of bones, 4¼ tons of rags, 3¾ tons of old metal, and 5¼ tons of glass.

Other "dust" is far more valuable. Our Government clears £10,000 a year by the sale of dust from one department alone, while the dust which accumulates in the works of the big goldsmiths is very precious.

ON CORONATION DAY

you will, doubtless, be taking part in some sort of jollification, and will possibly be asked to do something to entertain the company. Before deciding what this shall be, send a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps, and a stamped, addressed envelope, to RANEE, 22 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., when you will receive an accurate delineation of your character, from which you can decide the branch of entertainment best suited to your talents.

Remember to do your duty by the slum children next Monday - "Coronation Monday".
Fresh Air Fund.



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Shakespeare.

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Comprising: Black Sateen Cloth Sailor Blouse, with detachable front, Black Costume Skirt with deep fashionable flounce and 9 rows of cording, Pair Model Corsets, check or stripe Underskirt, Pair Black Cashmere Hose, Cream Lace Scarf and Black Velvet Belt with Fancy Clasp.

IMPORTANT.

When ordering please state Length of Dress Skirt in front from below waist band, also size of corsets worn, or waist measurement over Dress.

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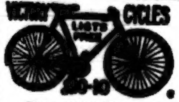

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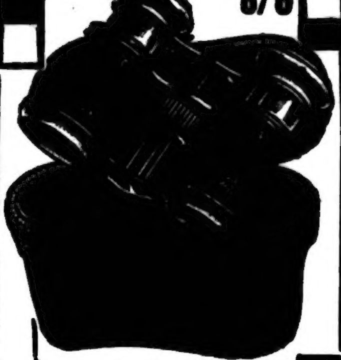

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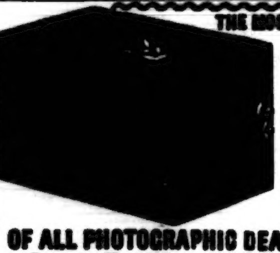

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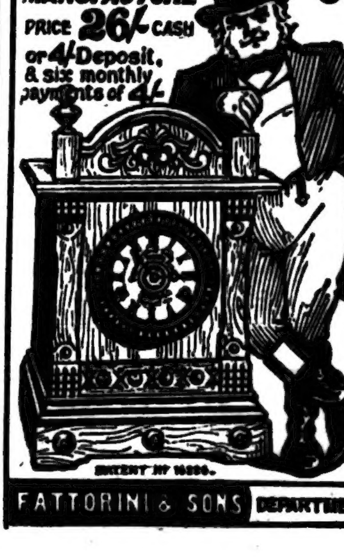

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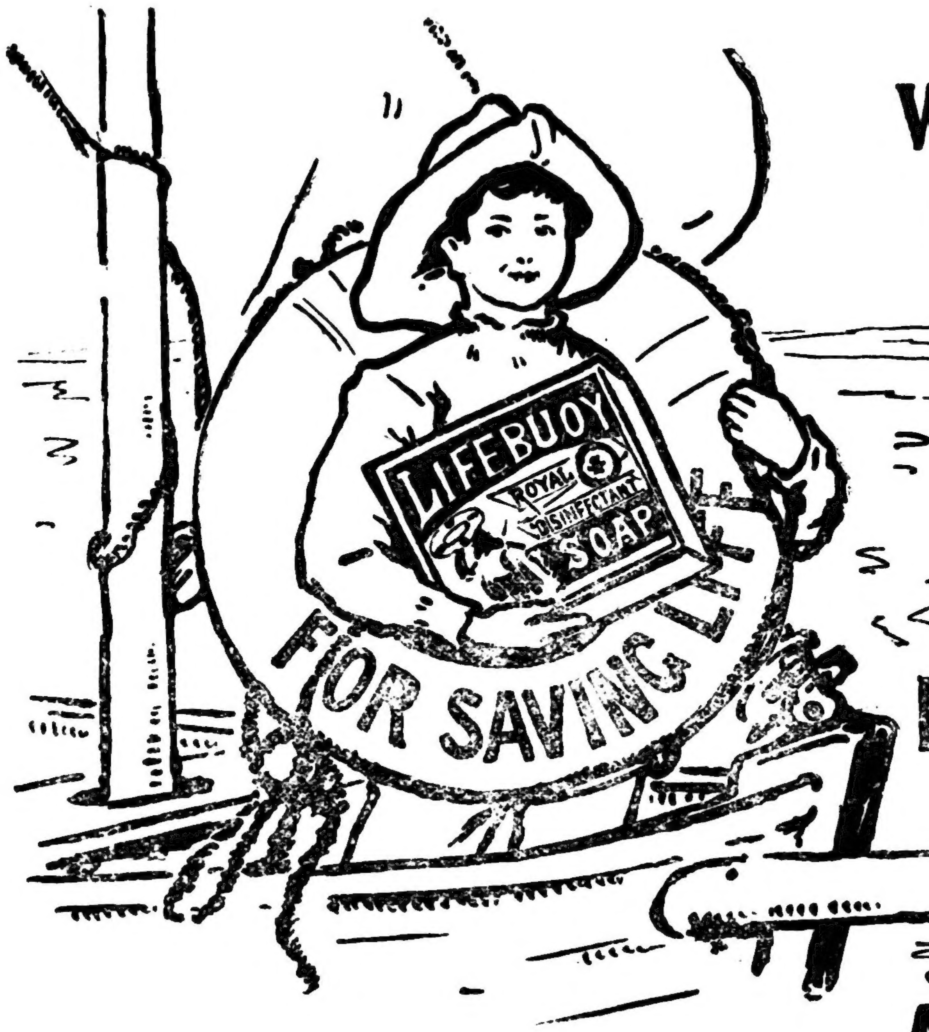

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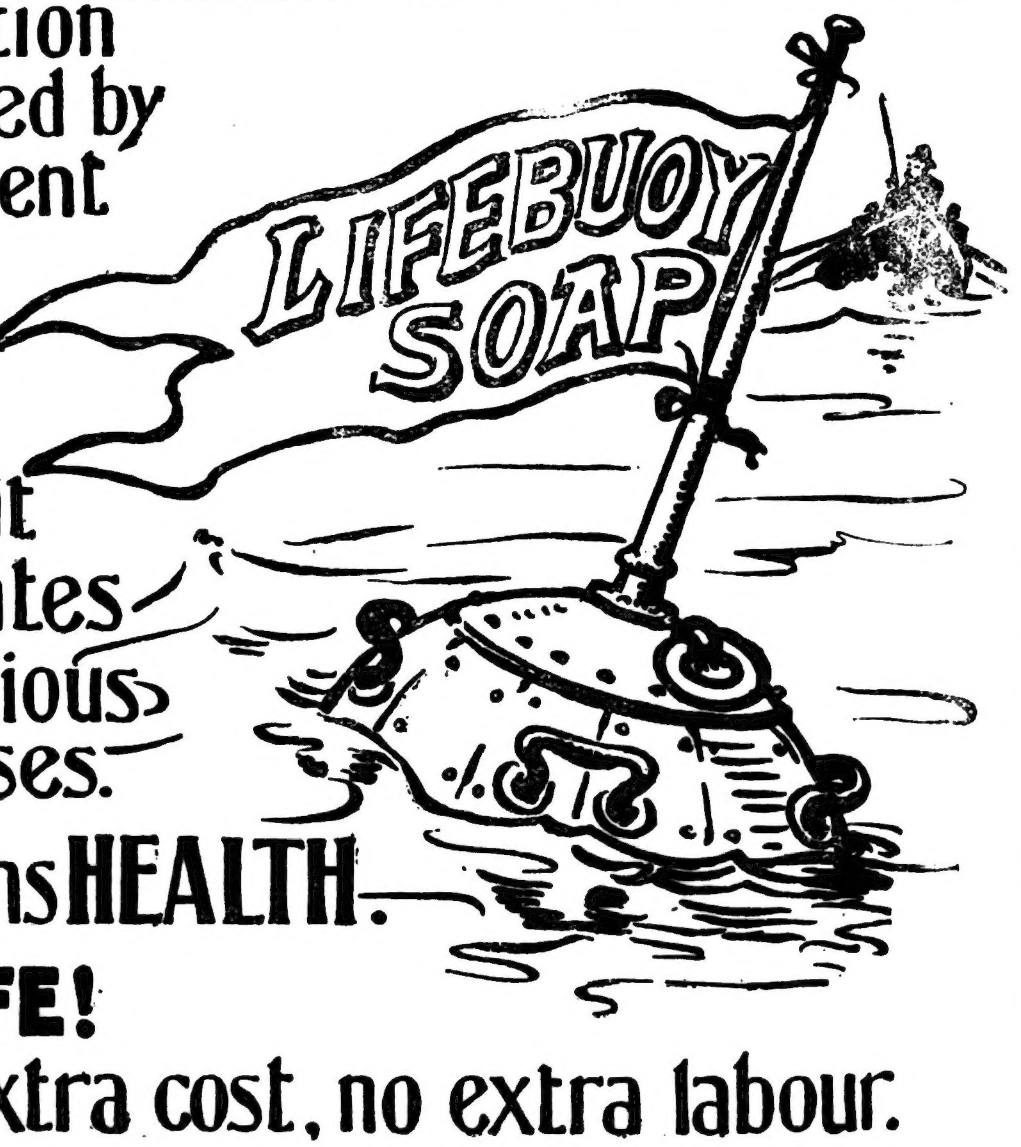

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